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The True Faith of the Soul.

A SERMON

BY THE Rev. Canon Liddon IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.—2 Kings vi: 17.

MEN who read their Bibles least carefully must, I think, have observed the remarkable number and character of the miracles which cluster around the lives of the great prophets Elijah and Elisha. There is nothing exactly like it in the case of any other prophets, if perhaps we except Daniel; and the reason is not difficult to see. Great outbursts of the miraculous, attesting God's energetic presence at particular times, in particular places, appear to recur in the sacred history in cycles, when truth has to be announced, when it is to be promulgated further, when it is to be saved from extinction. One such there was in the days of Moses, when Israel was delivered from Egypt, and the faith of Sinai was proclaimed. Another in the days of Joshua, when the promised land was solemnly taken possession of. Another in the time we are considering, in the days of Elijah and Elisha, when the belief and law of Sinai were threatened with nothing less than extinction, by the apostasy of the court of Israel, and the attacks of the powerful monarchs of Syria. Another during the Babylonish captivity, when Israel sat down and wept over the memories of Zion, by the waters of her heathen exile. And a last great display of God's miraculous power was made in the days of His incarnate Son, Jesus Christ, and His apostles, the days in which He, who had at sundry times and in divers manners spoken aforetime unto the fathers by the prophets, spoke finally, spoke fully, in and by His Son, the epoch of His largest and of His last unveiling of His name and will to the intelligent and moral creatures of His hand. Now the miracles belonging to these different periods are, up

to a certain point, as would be expected, unlike each other. Each period has, if I may so express myself, its characteristic miracles. But, on the other hand, there is a likeness between them, arising from their having more or less of a common object and purpose, which cannot be mistaken. Not to go beyond the text, this miracle of Elisha's is peculiarly evangelical. It is just such a miracle as befits the drift and purpose of the Gospel, considered as an unveiling of the unseen world to the soul of man. It especially anticipates such miracles of our Lord's as that by which, as St. John describes it, He healed the man born blind, in which, at one and the same time, you will remark, He gave the gift of natural sight and the higher gift of spiritual sight—the two gifts together, the lower gift being at once a type and earnest of the higher.

Let us briefly recall the circumstances under which this miracle was worked. Elisha was on good terms with Jehoram, then King of Israel, and Jehoram was at war, as his father and his grandfather were before him, with the Syrians of Damascus, the inveterate enemies of the kingdom of Israel. The Syrians, at this later period, seem to have carried on their war by a system of predatory incursions into the territory of Israel, and on several occasions Elisha warned King Jehoram of the place which the Syrians intended to surround, and, by thus putting him on his guard, enabled him to escape, or at any rate enabled him to defeat the measures of the enemy. The King of Syria suspected, naturally enough, that a failure which occurred so often must be due to some secret treachery on the part of his own officers; but, on his making inquiry, they told him of the prophet Elisha, who possessed such powers as to be able to keep the King of Israel accurately informed of the Syrian King's most secret councils. "The prophet that is in Israel," they said, "telleth the King of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber." The Syrian King was therefore resolved to capture the prophet, if it was possible, and with this view he sent a large body of troops by night to surround Dothan, a small town some twelve Roman miles north of Samaria, where Elisha was resting at the time; and when Elisha's servant waked up in the morning and found that the town had been, during the night, completely invested by the Syrians, he returned to his master in something very like despair. Escape seemed impossible. "Alas! my lord," he said, "what shall we do?" The prophet simply remarked that he should not fear, since "they that are with us are more than they that are with them." This statement must at first have seemed nothing less than absurd to the servant, who compared the few Israelites shut up within the small town with the numerous Syrian host

outside it. But Elisha prayed the Lord to open the servant's eyes, that he might see something more than the world of sense, that he might see the world which is above, around, beyond the world of sense. The servant accordingly beheld what was really a repetition of Jacob's vision, who, when he was threatened of Esau, had seen a double army of angels encamped around him. "The Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." What is meant by opening the eyes of the young man? Clearly it was not the gift of natural sight, since the young man saw the Syrian host round Dothan, and was terrified. It was some higher gift, analogous probably to clairvoyance; it was a supernatural ecstasy which laid open to him, for the time being, as to St. John in Patmos, the world of spirits, under such form as his intelligence could bear. The same thing had occurred in an earlier age to Balaam. His eyes, we are told, were opened, and he saw an angel stopping his path; an angel who was there, but whom his natural eye had not seen. It was the gift, you see, of a new and more piercing sense, reaching into a sphere of being that was previously out of reach. It was like the natural discovery, by the aid of a powerful telescope, of a planet unseen before, but of the existence of which an astronomer is, or might have been, certain by calculations that could not fail him. Elisha's servant knew full well that there were such things as angels. God, at Elisha's prayers, gave him a new power of spiritual vision, and he saw them. What did he see? "He saw: and, behold, horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." The chariots and horses are not here, as in the account of the ascent of Elijah, a few chapters before, vehicles for a glorious passage to the skies, but simply symbols of the Divine power and protection; but in both passages the highest intelligences are represented as taking shapes, like the forms in Ezekiel, which imply that their true nobility is always service. The immaterial spirits become cognizable by the servant of Elisha under forms best calculated to reassure his fainting faith. Fire is the symbol of the Godhead, because fire is the most ethereal of the earthly elements. The gift of Pentecost sat as tongues of fire on the heads of the apostles. God is said by his prophet and his apostle to be "a consuming fire." The seraph is properly "the burning spirit." The horses and chariots mean, therefore, warlike force. Still, what the servant sees is not a material, it is a spiritual reality, taking a form which assures him of God's sure protection, through the agencies of these ministers of His who do His pleasure, and at a time when all was dark to the eye of flesh.

Now, here we see, as if through a microscope, the act or

process of faith in the human soul. What is faith? "It is," says the apostle, "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"; that is to say, it is the faculty which reaches to that which is beyond the senses, yet which apprehends it as certain—as being at least as certain as the things which we see. Now let us pass to consider a little at length what faith is, by considering what it is not. Faith, then, first of all, is not an act of the natural imgination. It is necessary to say this, because a great many persons constantly allude to faith in terms which imply that it is. They speak of a person of great faith, meaning that he is a very imaginative person, that he has quite an unusual share of that privileged, that versatile faculty which does indeed achieve so much in society, so much for literature, which is the very well-spring of poetry, which is the soul, the genius of constructive art, but which is less welcome in the sphere of religious truth because its highest efforts result in surrounding us with the unreal, while investing it with the attributes of reality. No, faith is not another word for a vivid imagination. Imagination deals with that which is not; faith with that which is: imagination with fiction; faith with fact. The objects of faith and the objects of imagination may have this, if you will, in common, that they are both beyond the reach of the natural sight. But, then, there is this difference, that the objects of faith, being, as they are, real, may become visible to a higher sense than the bodily eye; while the objects of imagination can never be visible to the soul; being fictions, however beautiful, they occur to the soul always as such—as fictions, it may be, of its own creation, not as realities. When men speak of faith as a vivid and energetic form of imagination, they mean to imply this, without stating in terms that they do so; they mean to imply, that just as the poet Virgil projected a picture of the nether world out of the immense wealth of his fancy, so evangelists and apostles have traced their own beautiful pictures of heaven, and their awful descriptions of hell and of judgment, on the pages of our Testaments, by the aid of an extraordinary variety of the religious imagination. The evangelists and apostles, whatever else they were—I say it with reverence—were not poets; they were eminently prosaic; and the remark of Rousseau that the inventor of the gospel history must have been not less wonderful than its hero, if he were entirely unassisted from above, is at least a satisfactory reply to this theory of faith doing the work of pure imagination. Why, the apostles say with St. Peter, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables"; the apostles exclaim with St. John, "That which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you"; and among ordinary Christians is it not a matter of daily experience that the most earnest, the most practical be-

lievers are constantly persons who are exceptionally wanting in the faculty of imagination, and who look at all the concerns of life in a matter-of-fact way which forbids the idea of their ever, under any circumstances, giving reins to fancy? In the case before us, Elisha's servant did not create, by an act of imagination, a splendid picture in the air, after the manner of a Milton or a Rubens, a picture of fiery beings circling round the form of his beloved, of his imperilled master. The thing was psychologically impossible. He had his eye upon the hard and menacing fact before him, upon the lines of the Syrian troops who were sent to capture his master the prophet. He could, for the time, see nothing beyond the sphere of sense. He was terrified at what he saw. And then Elisha prayed that he might see farther, higher, into another sphere; and then he saw the world of spirits. But the world of spirits was a thing utterly independent of his imagination. It would have been none the less there if he had never seen it; just as the Syrian troops would have been none the less there if Elisha's servant had been born blind, and had never seen them. His new power of seeing the chariots and horses of fire sweeping around Elisha did not create these spiritual forms and beings; there they were, whether he and other men saw them or not, just as—to recur to an illustration I have already employed—just as the more remote planets were certainly revolving in their orbits during the centuries when our science had not yet reached them by her reckonings and her telescopes. Elisha had been just as much encompassed by the spirit-world the moment before his servant saw that this was the case as he was the moment afterward. The man's new sight could not create, as his blindness could not have destroyed, the supernatural reality. Yes, but I hear it whispered, there is a common sense, based on our ordinary experience, which resists these notions of an invisible world actually around and about us. But what, my brethren, is the real worth of this so-termed common sense? When the comet of October, 1858, appeared, a lecturer made a tour of some country villages in Devonshire, with a view of telling the country people some facts about the beautiful object which, night by night, attracted so much of their attention; and among other points he touched upon the calculations which astronomers had made as to the enormous length of the tail of the comet. I recollect hearing a countryman, who treated this part of his lecture with contemptuous incredulity. "I saw the comet myself," said the man to a sympathizing crowd of villagers; "I saw the comet myself, and its tail was just four feet long; and how are we to believe this man who comes down here to tell us that it is ever so many millions of miles!" Now, that was the common sense of ordinary sight pitted against the common sense of the higher insight into nature which is won by scientific inves-

tigation. But science, too, as she is sometimes misrepresented—never when she is true to herself—science can sometimes be guilty of an appeal to common sense of this sort, against the assertions of a still higher insight into the supersensuous realities than is her own, against the assertions of faith. The astronomer, with Lord Russell's telescope at his disposal, *sees*, he does not *imagine*, the heavenly bodies utterly out of the reach of your ordinary sight or mine; and the servant of Elisha, when the eyes of his spirit are opened, sees—it is by the aid of a new spiritual faculty—sees what he would not, what he could not, have imagined—sees the world of spirits floating in all its power and its beauty round his endangered master.

Nor is faith only the conclusion, the final act, of a process of natural reasoning. If this were the case, if faith were merely the conclusion of a syllogism, it would necessarily follow that all people with good understandings must necessarily be believers in Christianity. We know, my brethren, that this is not the case. We know, alas, that many persons of great natural abilities, such as was Voltaire, are and have been unbelievers; and this alone would seem to show that something besides intelligence is implied in an act of faith. No man whose mind was not impaired could go through a proposition of Euclid and refuse to assent to a conclusion; but many people do read Paley's "Evidences," or, what is more to the purpose, what St. Paul himself says about the resurrection, and yet do not admit Paley's and St. Paul's conclusion that Christianity comes from God. If believing in Christianity were simply an affair of the natural understanding, this could not be. It would be just as inevitable to believe St. Paul as it is intellectually to believe Euclid. Why is it so? Why is acceptance of religious truth not just as imperative upon the human understanding as the acceptance of mathematical truth? Because the act of faith is not merely an act of the intelligence; because it is an act of the whole inward nature, an act of the affections and the will, as well as an act of the understanding. "With the heart," says St. Paul, "man believeth unto righteousness." The affections and the will have a great deal to say to every pure act of faith. The understanding cannot compel faith. The evidence at the disposal of the understanding is always less than absolutely mathematical; it does not convince, unless the moral nature is in such a condition that it is possible for it to be convincing. The evidence of religion at our disposal is further designedly less than strictly irresistible, in order that there may be room for the play of our moral nature, and so that the act of faith may be a test, not of our goodness and our natural understandings, not of the advantages which we have had in education, but of the state of our moral dispositions. If faith were merely an assent of

the understanding to a conclusion warranted by sufficient evidence, it is plain that St. Paul could never speak of it as he does when writing to the Romans and the Galatians. He tells them that it is that which justifies before God. Why, goodness of understanding could be no more reason for our acceptance with God than strong limbs or retentiveness of memory. Faith is thus spoken of in the New Testament because it is a test of the moral nature, because a man believes upon evidence, although not absolutely compulsory evidence, in obedience to the promptings of his heart and will. A man who has made the most of the natural life which God has given him will look out for, will desire, the light of revelation; he will believe that the author of that law of right and wrong within himself, with which during all his life he has been more or less familiar, is likely to unfold to him something more about himself. But, then, what is it that, at the decisive moment, makes the moral nature capable of this supreme act? What is it which makes the desire, the heart, on the one side, and the evidence at the disposal of the understanding on the other side, result in the complex, in the perfect act of faith? What is it which strikes the sacred spark which thus combines the action of the understanding and the yearnings of the heart into the single act which supersedes while it combines them? "The Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

Faith is, in the last resort, the fire which is lighted up in the soul by a ray from Heaven, by a ray of grace. It is a gift from God. It is a fresh gift, which nature can neither rival nor anticipate. Elisha might have insisted upon many considerations which ought, in reason, to have satisfied his servant that God and His holy ones were now, as of old, near at hand, that the near presence of the Syrians did not amount to a real reason for despair. Had not God helped the patriarch Jacob? had He not delivered Israel in the wilderness, and David from the wild beast and from the hand of Saul, and Elijah quite recently from the power of Ahab and of Jezebel? Was it to be supposed that He would desert His prophet now, or that, happen what might, He was unconcerned or powerless? Elisha did not argue. There are times when argument is most precious; there are times when it is worse than useless. Elisha prayed; he prayed that the Lord would open the eyes of the young man to see things, not as they appear to sense, but as they are; to see not merely the world of sense, but the world of spirit; and his prayer was granted.

Now, this exactly agrees with what we are taught about faith in the New Testament. Faith is there represented as a new spiritual sense, as an endowment or gift bestowed upon the soul by the Holy Ghost. It is contrasted with natural sight.

"We walk by faith, and not by sight," says St. Paul. It is contrasted with natural reason. "The natural man," says St. Paul, "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." It is a higher reason than the reason which nature gives; it is a higher and more perfect sight, which God gives over and above the sight of nature, which nature cannot, if she would, achieve. "Faith," says St. Paul again, "is not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." And thus it happened that when the Lord had opened the heart of Lydia, she believed the things which were spoken by Paul; and thus St. Paul prays that the Ephesians may know what is "the hope of their calling, and what the riches of the glory of their inheritance among the saints." He does not for a moment expect them to know this by nature, but only when the eyes of their understanding are enlightened, that is, as a consequence of the gift of faith. Do not misunderstand me. Do I say that natural reason has no office whatever to discharge in the work of establishing our religious convictions? No. If this were so, not merely the evidential theology of the Church, but much of the language of the Bible itself, which unmistakably appeals to reason, would be a vast mistake. Reason can do very much for faith. Reason stands to faith just as did the Baptist to Christ our Lord. She is the messenger which goes before the face of faith to make ready its path within the soul. Reason can explain, she can infer, she can combine, she can reduce difficulties to their true proportions, she can make the most of considerations which show what, upon the whole, is to be expected; but here she must stop. She cannot do the work of God's grace; she cannot change, she cannot transfigure the moral nature so as to enable it to correspond to the conclusions of the illuminated intellect; she cannot open the eyes of the young man and make him see. If this last triumph is to be achieved, it must be by grace given in answer to prayer.

Let us see in this history, my brethren, a remedy against despondency, such as good Christians often feel on contemplating the state of the world at particular periods. All seems to be going against the cause of right, of truth, of God. "The enemy crieth so, and the ungodly cometh on so fast, that they are minded to do me some mischief, so maliciously are they set against me." The Psalmist's cry is echoed by the Church, kneeling at the foot of the throne of Christ. It is echoed throughout the centuries.

Intellectual assailants, political adversaries, all the passions, all the prejudices, all the misapprehensions of an unregenerate humanity, come down and besiege the prophet in Dothan. All might seem to be lost again and again if it were not that again and again the eyes of the spirit are opened to per-

ceive that they which are with us are more than they which are with them. Courage; the unseen is greater than the seen, the eternal will surely outlive the things of time. An act of faith may cross the threshold of the door which separates us from that world which is beyond the senses, and may at once correct the apparent preponderance of evil by a vision of the throne and the resources of the All-good. And see, too, in this history our true pattern of nobility. It has been a common saying, quoted again and again of late, to explain and justify changes on the Continent that have taken place within the last ten years, that it is better to be the citizens of a great state than the citizens of a small one. Brethren, it is better for many reasons, for this among the rest: there is an inspiration for good which comes from the sense of wide and noble fellowship, of high and distinguished associates and guardians, which is denied to those who are members of a small society that have it not. And, in His kingdom, God has provided us with this. All the races of the world furnish their contributions to the universal Church. But the frontier of sense is not the frontier of the Church of Christ. It embraces both worlds, the unseen world as well as the visible. "Ye are come," says the apostle, writing to Christian converts, "ye are come by your conversion unto Mount Zion, unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly of the church of the first-born whose names are written in Heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of the just made perfect." The Church thus is, according to the apostle, a mixed as well as a world-embracing society, consisting here of the faithful, there of the blessed angels and of the spirits of the dead, united in the bonds of one indissoluble communion, and all arranged beneath the throne of thrones, the throne of God, the throne of Jesus. Does this lofty conviction, think you, inspire nothing like hatred of sin, no longing for a higher life, no wish to live as should the companions of beings who constitute the household of God, and who are our predestined fellow-citizens? The Syrian host may press us hard; the host of temptations, and bad thoughts, and bad acquaintances; of haunting memories; but when, at the voice of prayer, the prayer of the Church or our own, our eyes open upon the realities around and above us, we must remember that we have a destiny before us, and means at hand to prepare for it.

Lastly, we see here the secret of real, effective prayer. Oh, my brethren, why is prayer, public prayer especially, in so many cases nothing better than the coldest of cold, heartless forms? For two reasons especially. Men enter on it without having any true knowledge of themselves whatever, of their sins and

wants, as well as of their hopes and fears, of their real state before God, as well as of their reputed character in the eyes of men: in a word, they have no true knowledge of that for which prayer wins something like a remedy, and thus they have no personal interest of their own which they can import into, and identify with, the public language of the Church. They do not, for instance, know enough about themselves to say, with anything like sincerity before God, that they have erred and strayed from His ways like lost sheep, or that there are certain things which for their unworthiness they dare not, and for their blindness they cannot, ask. This is the first reason. But there is a second. Prayer is so cold and heartless a thing in numbers of instances because men see nothing of Him to whom prayer is addressed, nothing of God, nothing of Jesus, nothing of the spirit-world around the throne, nothing of the majesty, the beauty, the glory which encircles God, such as is possible, really possible to our finite and purblind gaze,—nothing of the everlasting worship which surrounds Him, nothing of the ministers of His that do His pleasure. Until this is the case, at least in some degree, what a torrent of unmeaning verbiage is—must be—the public language of the Christian Church. Take that glorious hymn in which the morning service culminates, the "Te Deum." If the soul sees nothing beyond the veil, what must be meant when the lips repeat such verses as that, "To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein; to Thee, cherubim and seraphim continually do cry, 'Holy, holy, holy'"? Or when, after this first ascent to the throne of the thrice Holy, there follows a second, "The glorious company of the apostles praise Thee; the goodly fellowship of the prophets praise Thee; the noble army of martyrs praise Thee; the Father of an infinite majesty; Thine honorable, true, and only Son; also the Holy Ghost the Comforter"? Or when all is finally concentrated on Jesus as the King of Glory, as the Father's everlasting Son, with whom we may indeed, if we will, plead for help, because when He took upon Him to deliver man, such was His love, His condescension, that He did not abhor the Virgin's womb; because when He had overcome the sharpness of death, He remembered us—even us—and opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers? How unutterably piteous for us, my brethren, if, when such words as these are sung, we are only relieving the weariness of mental contact with vacancy by dwelling on the triumphs of a great composer, on the skill of a trained choir, on the associations of the splendid historical building; or, it is possible enough, by thinking of a something worse than this, a something that should have been dropped out of thought long before we crossed the threshold of the sanctuary. There are, believe it, few better prayers on entering a church than Elisha's, "Lord, open mine eyes, that I may see." "I do not

wish to mock Thee by lip service. I do not wish to pile up my ordinary business thoughts, or my thoughts of pleasure, on the very steps of Thy throne; open mine eyes, then, that I may see Thee in Thy beauty, and in Thy glorious presence may lose all relish which belongs only to the things of time." It is when the soul struggles thus, in an honest spiritual agony, that it is really emancipated from the tyranny of sense, and, like the young man in the history of to-day, or rather like the dying martyr of the Gospel times, sees the heavens opened, sees Jesus standing at the right hand of God.

The Divine Development Theory.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY **Robert Patterson, D. D.,** IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Mark iv: 26–29.

CHRISTIANITY is a divine development of the life of God in the soul of man and in society. That life originates in the communication of a divine power, increases by the constant accessions of divine energy, according to the law of a divinely fore-ordained plan, and, like natural life, would cease by the withdrawal of the Holy Spirit, in whom we live and move and have our being.

In this busy, bustling age, when we are all so actively occupied in driving the world around on its axis, it is well to remind ourselves that God is busy also. When scientific men present to us the evidences of the operation of the great law of development in nature as a sufficient substitute for the presence of God, their error consists, not in the assertion of the law of development—which is a great fact, a Bible-taught principle—but in ignoring two other equally great supernatural facts: the fact of creation, without which there never could have been anything to develop; and the fact of crisis, without which development would be aimless and useless. Our Lord, in Mark iv: 26–29, follows a more truly scientific method, inasmuch as He includes all the facts in His theory of the law of divine development.

The law of divine development, as our Lord here illustrates by the parable of the growing corn, presents to us three distinct eras—it has a beginning, a middle, and an end—the seed-sowing, the growing grain, the harvest. All development must have a beginning—something rolled up which is to be unrolled, developed. All life must have a beginning, a seed. No human skill, or power, can make a seed. All the universities of the earth cannot make a grain of wheat.

The next stage of the process is more gradual, but not less divine, and hardly less mysterious. For the purpose of manifesting God's glory in His works to men and angels, the growth of the growing grain is slow enough to allow us to inspect and observe it: the flash of instantaneous creation is too quick for our careful study. Nor can the savant solve the riddle any more than the plowman. What we want to know is, Whose law is it that is so powerful and beneficent in nature? Now, the Lord here comes in and informs us that this law of growth is a law of the Kingdom of God; that the power of

growth is the power of God given to the grain. God is manifesting Himself to the believers in the growing grain no less than in Eden, or Sinai, or the Judgment.

But the question forces itself upon us, What is the object of all this growth and development? What is it to end in? Or, will the crop go on forever growing, and never ripen a harvest? But, if the crop ripens a harvest, what will the great Husbandman do with it? What will the great wheat-grower do with the twenty million of centals grown here in California? Has Almighty God less intelligence than a San Francisco grain-merchant? There is a law of crisis, as well as a law of development, in the Kingdom of God. Without the crisis the development were useless. It is the harvest that gathers up all that is valuable of the crop, gives the chaff to the winds, and gathers the grain for the support of the higher life of men and for the seed of new and larger fields. It is the harvest which gives significance to the growth. Eternal development, without any harvest, is not progress—answers no rational purpose for God or man.

But we must again carefully notice that the grain can no more harvest itself, and ship itself, than it can create itself. The harvest is wholly a process above and beyond nature. Man, in harvesting, acts a supernatural part; he arrests the natural process of development with the sickle, which is not a natural growth at all. Now, our Lord declares that such a law of development, combined with crisis, as we observe in the lower kingdom of nature, prevails also in the higher provinces of the Kingdom of God, in which men have their development and crisis. There is a divine development of men, as there is of corn. It begins with a divine, supernatural Creator, who bestows life; it proceeds by a divine force, gradually infused, according to a law or order of procedure framed by divine wisdom; it results in a supernatural crisis, in which God shall visibly harvest the crop He has ripened.

We observe, now, the working-power of Christ's development theory—God. God directs man, when the development is complete, to thrust in the sickle and gather the grain; and when man is developed, there will be a harvest of humanity also, to accomplish the purpose of God. The divine law of development is the manifestation of the Kingdom of God.

There is another theory of development or evolution now pressed upon our notice, which differs totally from Christ's plan of development. It has neither beginning nor end, nor has any of its advocates ever succeeded in stating the object which it works to accomplish. For there is no God to work it. It is simply a big machine, working itself, for no useful purpose, after the manner of the perpetual-motion man's reel in

the bottle. By the operation of light and heat, and the chemical reactions of the mud of the earth, maggots were generated, which grew bigger because they could not help it. From this base origin these philosophers deduce your lineage; and not yours only, but all that is great and God-like in man, they tell us is only the result of an eternal process of development of the dust of the ground, without any inspiration of the breath of God in his soul, and without any object.

Now, this is Satan's caricature of God's plan of evolution. It bears the same relation to the divine plan of development that its favorite ape does to the Son of man. Note the four principal absurdities of the atheistic plan:

1. It postulates the eternity of matter.
2. The spontaneous generation of life.
3. The transmutation of species.
4. The brutalizing of man.

I. This theory demands that we believe in the eternity of matter—that everything that now exists always did exist, in some form or other. There is nothing which its German and some of its English and American advocates scout with greater disdain than the Hebrew myth of creation. They dismiss the notion of a Creator to the realm of ghosts, alleging that the idea of a self-existent Creator is utterly unthinkable. But, on the other hand, is not the idea of a self-existent universe equally unthinkable? It is an idea not only beyond, but contrary to, all the intuitions of our reason. There is no intuition of the human mind more clearly and certainly perceived than that every compound has been put together by some one; that every construction is the work of a constructor. If a boy finds on the street two bricks laid side by side, and two others laid across them at right angles, all the evolutionists in the world could not argue him into the belief that those four bricks had been there, and so arranged, from all eternity; nor yet that they had made themselves, and placed themselves in that position. If the savants should endeavor to show the lad how the bricks developed and built up themselves, he would simply tell them they were talking nonsense.

The notion of the eternity or self-existence of matter is an equal absurdity to every well-regulated mind. It is simply the assertion that the bricks made themselves. For every piece of matter with which we are acquainted is *made*, manufactured, put together—consists of several parts, arranged most skillfully. A grain of sand from the sea-shore is a piece of architecture, compared with which the castle is but a brick-pile. You might as well say that an Elgin watch existed from eternity as that a grain of sand was eternal. And so of any other piece of matter in the world. And if you go back of the present state

of the grain of sand to some former state, where it was melted in water, or where it was evaporated into gas, you would still find the same complexity and regularity and order, and the reign of law, compelling every atom to assume its proper chemical arrangement. And if your microscopical and chemical analysis could be extended more and more, you would continue to find, as science has always continued to find hitherto, the increase of complexity and the reign of law and order among the parts—of a law and order of the origin of which lifeless atoms are utterly incapable—in a word, the reign of a law which proclaims a Lawgiver and Creator. The invention of the spectroscope has utterly overthrown Spencer's nebular development theory. Neither in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth, can man discover a particle of matter without the stamp of the Creator upon it.

II. The second grand absurdity of this theory of development is the notion of the self-origination of life—of vegetable and animal life, by the powers of electricity and chemical action and reaction among the particles of the eternal matter, without any supernatural creation of life. But this notion is a product of ignorance. It was once thought that Samson's lion produced the bees whose honey he divided among his comrades; and that putrid meat bred the maggots which soon swarm in it when exposed to the air. More careful observation showed that the bees built their comb in the skeleton; that the blow-flies laid their eggs in the meat; that the air we breathe is a stirabout—thick with the floating seeds of all manner of microscopic plants and animals, which you may see dancing in a sunbeam admitted through a crack or key-hole into a dark room. Every lady knows that by excluding the atmospheric air, laden with these seeds, from her cans of fruit or meat, by filling them with steam and soldering them tight, she can prevent the growth of mould or insects, and thus demonstrate, on her own kitchen stove, the absurdity of the notion of spontaneous generation.

It is manifest that this is a fatal gap in the evolution theory. Accordingly, scientific men have labored to produce life by chemical means for over fifty years. Once it was thought that Mr. Cross had electrified some mites into being, but it was afterward discovered that he had only hatched out their eggs in the bath of his battery. Professor Tyndall has experimented for the last eight months, continuously, upon all sorts of solutions, and states the result thus: "From the beginning to the end of the inquiry, there is not, as you have seen, a shadow of evidence in favor of the doctrine of spontaneous generation. * * * In the lowest, as in the highest of organized creatures, the method of nature is, that life shall be the issue of antecedent life." Inductive science thus dismisses the dream of spontaneous generation.

III. The third grand absurdity of the atheistic evolution theory is the notion of the transmutation of species—the notion that from four or five minute germs all our existing species of plants, animals, birds and men were developed: the germs developing into maggots, the maggots into sea-squirts, the squirts into fishes, the fishes into reptiles, the reptiles into monkeys, and the monkeys into men, in process of time. I call this a notion, for no single instance or example of the transmutation of a dog into a cat, much less of a monkey into a man, has ever been alleged.

The dreamers of this notion present it as preferable to that of the creation of species, because, they allege, nobody has ever witnessed the fact of creation. Has anybody ever witnessed the development of an alligator into a monkey? or of a monkey into a man? Science rests on demonstration and experiment; but all the experiments so painfully made to confound species have resulted in utter failure. The Creator has fixed the boundaries of species by ordaining that when animals of different species attempt to propagate, the hybrid offspring is sterile. The undeniable fact that multitudes of separate species, perfectly distinguishable, exist in the world, is an irrefutable disproof of the theory of the transmutation of species, which, if it were the law of nature, would, ages ago, have filled the world with a mob of yelping mongrels.

IV. The fourth grand absurdity of the development dogma is the doctrine of the development of religion and society by a herd of brutes. This is the vilest reproach with which the human race has ever been insulted—to reduce all the finer feelings of the soul of man, all his admiration of nature, all his love of art, all his music and painting and sculpture and poetry, to the imitativeness of monkeys; all his family affections, his love for his wife and his care for his children, to the brutal appetites of baboons; all his civil government, the policy of a Chatham, the patriotism of a Washington, and the heroism of a Sherman or a Grant, to the outcome of the quarrels of contiguous troops of apes; the singing of Lind or Nilsson, and the eloquence of Clay, of Webster, of Beecher, or of Duff, to the mere improvement of the chattering of monkeys. But the abyss between the sensual reasonings of the brute, and the sense of God and of right, and the power of conscience in the human soul, has never been even attempted to be accounted for on this theory—it is denied. Man is declared to be the mere creature of necessity, in no way responsible for his conduct to any supernatural power. The law of progress has made him what he is, and he can't help it. This theory is soul-suicide. It makes man only a brute still.

The man who parades himself before mankind with this

mark of the beast on his forehead, thereby exonerates the world from the task of reasoning with him. But for the rest of mankind who have not yet sold their souls, nor brutified their reason, it may be edifying to remember that this is not the first instance in the world's history of heaven-forgetting and God-defying pride receiving its punishment from its own insanity. It was when Nebuchadnezzar the Great walked upon the roof of his palace, and exclaimed, "Is not this great Babylon, which I have built for the house of my kingdom, by the might of my power and for the glory of my majesty?" In the same hour came the voice from heaven: "The kingdom hath departed from thee"; and he went forth, and for seven years he companied with the beasts, and ate grass like oxen, until he knew that the heavens do rule.

But let us now emerge from the cavernous gloom of atheistic evolution into the open sunshine of divine development. From the earliest period discoverable by man, we find the progress of the divine plan of development sketched in the first chapter of Genesis. For this earth was created to be the location of one of the provinces of the kingdom of God, and the geological is as truly the kingdom of God as the theological.

This is not the place to enumerate the varied geological revolutions which our globe has experienced; nor is it necessary to our purpose to determine the controversy between the contending schools of geology—whether these catastrophes have been limited or world-wide as to their area. We mean simply to illustrate the great geological law of crisis, acknowledged by all geologists, that in geology, as well as in agriculture and religion, every blooming spring and growing summer has been succeeded by the sickle—gathering the ripened harvest for transformation into new and higher forms of life by divine power.

I. First, we observe God preparing his field for the seed; but how long He was engaged in the process neither science nor Scripture declares. The primeval waters, Moses tells us and geology affirms, deposited their sediments for untold ages; and their chemical actions and reactions produced those crystallizations with which we are familiar in the granite and other primary and silurian strata. Internal heat produced those upheaving convulsions of which the Alps, the Andes, the Himalayas and the Nevadas are the monuments. The dry land appeared, fertilized beneath the waters, like Egypt below the waters of the Nile.

II. Then God began to grow the seed of a wonderful crop of vegetation, which covered the earth, even to the poles, far exceeding anything which now exists, save in the jungles of the equator.

When the possibilities of vegetable life had been fully exhibited, He put in the sickle, "because the harvest was ripe." Convulsions of nature overwhelmed the vast forests of the primeval world, and buried them under beds of clay which afterward became rocks, consolidating the coal which should in after ages furnish the fuel for the hearths and the power for the locomotives of uncreated man. The harvest preserved and placed in God's warehouse all that was valuable of that crop.

A great development of animal life bursts upon the earth. Not that the first animals had not existed before, but they were in the depths of the waves, unseen by observe rs. Now the animal creation conspicuously appeared. The sea swarmed with fishes, the shore with birds and lizards of gigantic size. Not by any means did they appear in the order which the evolution theory demands; for the first animals were not either the most simple in structure nor the smallest in size, as that theory demands. On the contrary, the first animals were exceedingly complex in structure and (some of them, at least) gigantic in size. There are remains of birds fourteen feet long in the legs; frogs existed as large as milch cows; and lizards have left their skeletons one hundred and twenty-seven feet long. The giants head the procession, and not until long ages after do we find the dwarfs. The progress has not by any means been upward by slow degrees, but rather downward by slow degrees. And then, the evolution has been by a leap. We advance from the inferior races b·· leaps, not b·· gradual progression.

The animal harvest was ripe. God had demonstrated the measure of possibilities in the lower classes of animated life; and, having done so, He wipes off the blackboard by mysterious convulsions of nature. Night settles upon the earth. New strata are deposited, in preparation for that period described by Moses as the sixth of the great eras of creation, and recognized by geologists as the tertiary period—as it is the third period which has left any fossiliferous remains by which they could recognize time.

III. The tertiary period, which still exists, is distinguished from the secondary, as that was from the primary, by a vast advance made by the exercise of creative power. God was about to place His own child, man, as His tenant on the earth, and He refurnished the farm and the house with a newly-created, superior set of plants and animals. New crops of plants, new species of fishes and birds, new and heretofore unknown species of animals began to appear, many of them clothed with a beauty heretofore unknown. The roses began to bloom, the apple to blossom, the grape to ripen its purple clusters, the

grasses and grains to carpet the green sward, and at last to offer the mealy grain to the lowing cattle and bleating sheep. The sagacious elephant and the mimicking monkey gave predictions of some still higher form; for the school of angels before whom God's grand demonstration has been going on, have long ago learned that He will not be content with mere brute happiness as His highest harvest from the earth.

The huge bisons and elks, and the gigantic mammoth, have demonstrated the possibilities of vertebrate animal forms, and there was no need to go further in that direction. But now He has a new lesson, a fresh demonstration of His eternal power and godhead to display. To a vertebrate body, made out of the same dust as the other animals, and subject to the same laws, He adds an invisible spirit of reason and conscience, of the sense of right and wrong. He makes a creature a little lower than the angels, endowed with immortality, and introduces man to the choir of morning stars; and these sons of God welcome their new-born brother with shouts of joy. Nay, more: Christ reveals himself to Adam, and gives him the sacraments of communion with God, and of the eternal life of his heavenly Father. Thus, human nature developed the blade, the first buddings of personality, from which period of child-like innocence, however, one could no more infer its future harvest of sin and sorrow and salvation, than one who had never seen ripened grain could guess the form of the head of wheat from the budding blade.

The blade begins to ripen into the ear of conduct. A new field of development opens out before the universe. This man, endowed with an animal body and a divine soul, is a free agent, and all the vast possibilities of the moral world open out before him. He may obey God, and live in holiness and love; but it is his tremendous privilege to choose, if he will, to disobey God, and incur the guilt of deliberate rebellion against his Creator. Tempted by a superior intelligence who had previously rebelled, he transgressed the law of God, and joined the ranks of rebels against his Creator. He begins a course of moral and physical degradation under the law of his Maker. For the law of development applies to degradation no less than to elevation. It is a law of descent as well as of, ascent, of progress downward as well as upward, involving sinning man in endless ruin, unless God in mercy interfere. The harvest of the golden age of innocence has passed, and a new era now begins, with an entire change of dispensation fitted to teach the universe a new lesson by a wonderful manifestation of God's character in dealing with man as a sinner. Whether or not man's great moral catastrophe was marked by convulsions of sympathizing nature, it is certain that none of

the geological overturnings of the foundations of the earth can compare in importance with the great moral revolution which converted its principal tenant from a loyal, loving child into a daring rebel against his God, and introduced that tremendous conflict between good and evil in which we are still engaged, as warriors and sufferers under the law of progress.

The great physical convulsions by which our world had already twice sunk below the waves had been followed by resurrections and regenerations to a new and higher life, displaying the wonderful wisdom and power of the great Creator, who is thus demonstrated able to bring life out of death. Even the revolving seasons of the globe, and the process by which the winter's death gives place to new life, and the dying seed becomes the parent of the living harvest, would seem to prophecy some law of God's intervention to repair the wrecks and desolations of His works. But can that law be extended beyond the realm of unconscious, and so of unoffending, matter? Does not the wreck and ruin of a moral being like man demand some standing expression of God's displeasure, such as shall constitute an exemplary warning to all beings to beware of rebellion against God?

None but God Himself could give the answer. He did so, by embracing both justice and mercy in His plan of infinite love. In the first promise He pronounced judgment in justice; He promises salvation for our ruined race, and He predicted a conflict between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent.

The new harvest thus begins with a double development. In former developments we saw that the earth was progressively improved, to prepare it for its tenants, and new and improved races of plants and animals were introduced to the improved earth—the fitness of things being always duly considered in each step of progress. In this great moral revolution we behold the same consummate regard to the fitness of things; and time and opportunity are given for sin to develop the fatal seeds of enmity against God and selfish destruction of man, before God develops fully His grace in salvation.

1. First we have the stage of the development of the family. The first promise was a family promise. Satan accordingly tried to quench the salvation of mankind by inciting one of the two children first born to Eve to murder his brother. Failing to cut off mankind in this way, he endeavored to corrupt the family by monstrous licentiousness and its inevitable accompaniments of robbery and murder. Parallel with this growth in wickedness we behold God gradually instructing

men in the guilt of sin as worthy of death, by the blood of sacrifices, and connecting the promise of man's pardon with this shedding of blood. Next we find him beginning to call upon the name of the Lord in public assemblies for worship before the Cherubim and the Shekinah of glory at Eden's eastern gate. Enoch also was commissioned to foretell the coming of the Lord, with his ten thousands of holy ones; and he walked with God in a consciousness of God's presence and grace, and was taken away without death, a living example of the promise that the seed of the woman should conquer death. Then, after all these means had failed to impress men's consciences or warn them from their sins, Noah and his family were commanded to build the ark, and were saved by it from the outrageous assaults of the wicked, and from the Deluge, by which God swept them from the earth.

The sickle had done its work. The human race had perished save one family; and not merely the human race, but all the ancient landmarks which connected man with paradise and God. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil—source of all man's woe—had been swept away with the Deluge, and so also had the tree of life, the sacrament and pledge of life eternal. The cherubim of glory, shadowing the mercy-seat, are no longer visible to man. Eden is gone—swept away—and with it all mankind's hopes of restoration to that seat of primeval innocence. Even the ark—sole relic of a former world—was left behind, to rot in the hills of Armenia, as the human race went forth, on their new career of progress, over a depopulated world. All that was valuable went forth from the ark as the seed of the new dispensation.

2. This new growth was that of the state, of civil government, of law, of penalty, of punishment, of the four great monarchies, of Egyptian rule, of the Greek republic—all connected with religion. God took measures to prevent the monstrous anarchy which desolated mankind's home before the flood, by substituting the sword of the magistrate for the knife of the assassin, and commanding that whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man his blood should be shed. He reared the glorious rainbow of hope, moreover, over the altar of sacrifice, thus transferring the shekinah of glory from earth to Heaven. And when men again confederated in wickedness and tyranny began to build a citadel, He confounded their speech, and so divided their counsels, and dispersed the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Negro tribes over all the earth. But yet He preserved the traditions of the creation and Paradise; for Abraham, and even Isaac, were cotemporary with Shem, the long lives of the patriarchs enabling them to hold the precious Gospel promise by but a few links.

As mankind increased in numbers, they again developed the native malignity and depravity of sin, and began first to worship the sun, moon and stars, and then to worship idols, the works of their own hands; while, with remarkable regularity, tyranny and cruelty to their fellow-men accompanied this religious apostacy of Chaldeans, Phœnicians and Egyptians.

Then God chose out Abraham and his family as the depositaries of His truth, and gave him the promise that in him all the nations of the earth should be blessed. This little band grew into a nation, and after a period of bondage in Egypt, He brought them out with a high hand, revealed to them a system of law, government and religion, brought them into the land of Canaan, and left them there, the only nation in the world enjoying true religion and republican government. But here again the people fell away from God into idolatry, and demanded a king. And God gave them a king; but overruled the curse again, giving them prophets—David, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Malachi—developing still further in lofty poetry the great principles of sin, of righteousness, of judgment, which were well fixed in many souls. The full corn in the ear was ripening, and the chaff was ripening with the wheat.

When all that Judaism could do in developing the great truths of the moral government of the One King, God, had been done, the sickle was again put in, and the Hebrew people were conquered by the Babylonians and carried captives, dispersing this precious seed of divine truth among Persians, Greeks and Romans, and all the nations of the earth. The divinely-governed state perished. A feeble restoration was attempted by the Maccabees after the return from Babylon; but this was no restoration of David's throne, since the Maccabees were not of the tribe of Judah, but of Levi. But even this last fragment of the theocracy was swept away by the Roman conquest, and the kingdom of God ceased to have a political expression in the earth. The reason was, that the political organization of the state-church was too contracted for a world-wide religion, while those constituted its guardians opposed the gospel of Christ, for the conversion of the world. It became, therefore, necessary to break up the organization and use its materials in the construction of a new and more world-wide institution.

3. As the antediluvian period of the family communism gave way to the Hebrew period of the state theocracy, so that in its turn gave way to the existing cycle of Christ's Church—an elect society gathered out of the world, but not of it—in preparation for which all the preceding conflicts, triumphs and progress had been completed.

Christ, the Great Sower, then, did not begin to introduce any new principles into the kingdom of God when He compared it to the development and growth of seed, ending in a crisis-harvest. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," is his motto. The divine Husbandman had previously prepared the soil to receive the seed, and the rains and dews to moisten it, and the magnetism of the earth to thrill its life, and the sunshine to cause it to grow and expand, while he had himself endowed it with powers of multiplication. The Hebrew people, educated by centuries of oppression into hatred of idolatry, and connected with each other by blood, language and religion, and dispersed over all the earth, were fitting materials from which to select missionaries of His Gospel. The field of the world was fenced in by Roman armies, and leveled by Roman government, and traversed by Roman roads, in a security and civilization previously unknown. The Greek language, developed by orators and poets and philosophers for centuries, furnished a worthy vehicle for the conveyance of the sublime thoughts of Christ, and was read and spoken by educated men all over the world. And mankind at large were weary and sick at heart of the inanities of philosophy, and of the absurdities of idolatry, and of the sensuality of atheism, in which such multitudes took refuge from themselves in despair. Everything was prepared for a catholic and world-wide gospel.

Then, in the fullness of time, God sent forth His Son. He spoke to the heart of mankind. His parables and His miracles were alike intelligible to all. "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," was a world-wide invitation in a world of care. By His death He became fellow to every mortal man. In His resurrection the buried grain shoots up into new life, in faith and hope in every dying sinner's heart who believes it. His Gospel He commanded to be preached to all nations for a witness, and to every creature. He endows His Church with officers, with government, with sacraments, with a power of propagandism. The doctrine which lay in the first promise, as the oak in the acorn, He develops in gospels and epistles and Apocalypse, and gives His Spirit to teach us its truth and power. The seed is the Word of God. We recognize no right of man to develop any new doctrine or ordinances of worship. The so-called traditions of the Papists are excrescenses, not developments. God's plan was complete when the Apocalypse was written, and a curse denounced on him who should add to the things written in that book. And that curse has visibly and undeniably fallen on the idolatry of Rome. But how have the little blades of the Twelve Apostles sprung up and multiplied in numbers into a mighty harvest!

Yet, even modern Christendom is but an ear of the great harvest multitude which no man can number.

At the end of our age another harvest will come. When God has sufficiently demonstrated the wickedness of mankind in refusing His Gospel; when the vials of His judgments conspire to induce despair of successful rebellion against Christ; and when His Church shall have sufficiently exhibited the power of faith in her absent Lord to preach this Gospel of the Kingdom before all nations for a testimony unto them, even in the fear of persecution and death—then shall the end come. The royal Reaper shall appear in the clouds, the sickle shall be thrust in, the harvest shall be gathered, the clusters of the vine of the earth shall be trodden in the wine-press of wrath, and a new era of the Kingdom of God shall gather up into itself all that is valuable in the experience of the family, the Church, the state during this long experiment, and exalt them to a higher life under the reign of Christ. In the fullest sense of the word, God's Kingdom shall have come, and His will shall be done on earth, even as it is in Heaven. Existing substitutes and primeval arrangements shall be swept away, as straw and chaff, and Christ Himself, as Prophet, Priest and King, shall preside over the ransomed Church. This harvest is hastening on.

I. *Apply God's course of divine development—Calls to conversion.*—Let us place ourselves in submission to, and in co-operation with, God's great law of Gospel development. How great is the madness of the man who places himself in opposition to the irresistible laws of nature, the laws of God. When the Central Pacific Railroad was first opened, a brave Indian hunter, before whose spear many a huge buffalo had fallen, saw, for the first time, the locomotive and train speeding toward him, and being inspired by fire-water, resolved to arrest its progress. Kneeling down on one knee on the track, and presenting his spear, he gave the war-whoop, and in a moment the train was crashing over his mangled carcass. But the drunken Indian, trying to stop the locomotive with his spear and war-whoop, was a wise philosopher compared with the man who thinks to arrest God's great law of development, and prevent the establishment of the Kingdom of God in His own world.

How infinitely better for every man to recognize the certain accomplishment of God's beneficent plan of progress, and to place himself immediately in the way of securing all the blessings which God is bestowing upon His obedient children, and thus grow up to the measure of perfect manhood in this world, and to preparation for beginning a new and higher state of life in the coming kingdom.

Thus, each individual's soul receives the seed of God's word, and in the believer it grows and multiplies, as our text describes. The same law of a divinely-ordained progress which we have traced in the geological formation of our earth as the territory of God's Kingdom, and in the moral development of the family and of the state and of the church, holds true also of the individual believer. The seed falls into the mind and lies there, sometimes during a long winter, without any signs of growth visible to the eye. But the breath of spring comes, the snows melt, the great spring storms come, breaking up the frost-bound soil, and the divine energy of the seed shows itself at first feebly; a tender blade of timid profession announces the progress of conviction in the soul. It were easy to trample it down, and one wonders, often, how it escapes; how the young disciple, so weak, ignorant and intermittent, is able to maintain any life of religion in a godless family or in a profane workshop. But if the winds howl around it, the invisible life is at the root, and God preserves His own. Then He arranges waterings for the believing soul. The preaching of the gospel refreshes the young believer. As he grows in the knowledge of Christ, he grows in grace, in likeness to the Saviour he admires and loves. The single blade expands into a stalk, covered with other leaves of profession and blossoms of promise of fruit. He becomes not ashamed to confess Christ before men. He begins to lead first his own brother Simon, then some neighbor or friend, to Christ. The green stalk begins to grow hard and vigorous, and to absorb the flint dissolved in the soil. The doctrines of God's Word strengthen him. He believes more and more firmly in the presence and power of Christ with him, and he is blessed in his deeds. Providences cause events as far beyond his control as the sunshine and the shower are beyond the reach of the growing grain to co-operate with him in promoting his growth in grace and his usefulness. Even the storms and rains of sorrow tend to his ripening in experience. God gives him fruit. In his own family he sees his children walking in truth; in the Sabbath-school class he is blessed with conversions; in the church his labors are blessed to the saving of souls. At length, the full corn in the ear is ripened, and he is carried home as a shock of corn fully ripe.

2. *Patience and perseverance in holy living.*—Conversion is not the whole of religion. It is a beginning—a most necessary beginning—for unless the seed sown puts forth the first bud it will never see a harvest. But unless the blade ripens, and develops into the stalk and ear and full corn in the ear, it might as well never had sprouted at all. There is a grace greatly commended in Scripture, "waiting upon God," but little prized

K. C. K.
BAPTIST SEMINARY

in this railroad age. We are like our little children, continually plucking up the seeds they had sown yesterday, to see if they were growing. Our theories of progress, too, are frequently vicious. They are not theories of growth, but theories of locomotion, or even of explosion. The human soul does not grow under the influence of high excitements and public meetings. We need to sink the roots of our humility deeper into private exercises of secret prayer and of reading the Word. Zebedee's children are not so fit for sitting on Christ's right hand as they imagined. Let us be content to grow gradually into heavenly riches. There are no lottery tickets in the kingdom of God.

3. *Charity with others.*—Our parents and Sabbath-school teachers were obliged to exercise a good deal of patience with us when we were giddy, foolish children, turning our heads to the door every time anybody entered, and unable to remember the text or the lesson till we got home. It is doubtless very trying to a Christian parent's soul to see how utterly dead to all his appeals and all his efforts is the heart of his child; and his love makes him all the more sensitive to his failure to impress him. But Peter tells us, in this connection, that "we should shew all meekness to all men, remembering that we ourselves were formerly disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures." God will keep us humble by these reflections of our own selves. Have you ever thought how intolerably conceited and disgustingly Pharisaic the Church would have been if every one of us had been an elder brother, saying, "Lo, these many years do I serve Thee, neither at any time have I transgressed Thy commandments"? God's arrangement of conversion, and small beginnings, and slow growth, is far better for our humility. Then it gives the same blessed variety in the Church as in the family—babes, children, young men, fathers. Such is the result of God's law of growth. Then let us have patience with God, and charity for God's crop.

4. *Confidence in God.*—He will eventually succeed in ripening His harvest, all the frosts of winter and all the thunderstorms of summer to the contrary notwithstanding. Often it seems as if the righteous would have been swept off the earth by the storms of persecution; but the persecutors exhausted themselves, while God's divine power of life and growth regenerated the Church. Now it looks as if in our own land and in Europe the locusts of infidelity and the rust of licentiousness were destroying the church's vitality, and as if there was no hope of her converting the world at the present rate of progress, but rather that the forces of evil were multiplying faster than the powers of good. But let us be assured that God's

seed will grow night and day, we know not how. And let us also take with us this other element or divine development, that it is not merely a slow growth always. When this present harvest is ripe, the royal Reaper will put in His golden sickle, and this economy of slow, gradual progress will give place to a new creation, and we shall hear the word of revolution. "Behold, I make all things new!"

What it is to be a Christian.*

A SERMON

By Phillips Brooks, D. D., Boston, Mass.

Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.—Act xxvi: 19.

I LIKE these noble words, because they are truly triumphant words. They are the words of one who is looking back and remembering the brightest point of all his life, in which his life not only took a new departure, but began to move in a different direction, and became verily a new life. They are the words which give at once a jubilant and triumphant tone to the whole Christian life. It seems to me, if there is anything we want to guard against in the beginning of our Christian life, it is the tone which so many Christian lives have everywhere, and which it seems as if Christian lives were so continually tending to, of something which is low and painful and almost apologetic. They go around through the world complaining; and they go about through the world lamenting; and they go about through the world almost apologizing to other people for being Christians. I think we live in the midst of a pretty low-toned and feeble and sickly Christianity, and it is something good that there should come the ringing voice of the apostle Paul, who says, in words that fitly fill his heart with joy and make him stand with complete, undaunted courage before those who are listening to him: "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." And as he told the story, there rose before him the vision which had been the turning-point of his life. He remembered how he was going from Jerusalem to Damascus, and how on the way there had been manifest to him a sight which changed all his life—from the point of which his life became new; a changing point in which some new inspiration came to him, in which he has been living ever since.

How constantly we are seeing something of this kind! Everything a man does that is really worth the doing comes to him in the first place in some kind of vision. The vision comes before the action, if the man's action is worth anything. A man who does his work before he sees what that work is to be, does not do his best. You remember, when you look back over your lives, some vision that has come to you at some point of your life, and changed your life. Take some lower vision. There comes to a man an idea of the grandeur and

* For this sermon we are indebted to the *Golden Rule*.

greatness of being wealthy, and from that time on his life is changed. He follows a different impulse, and becomes independent of many of the things he has been seeking before. Or there comes before a man a much higher ambition. He wants to enter into the knowledge with which God has stocked His world, to understand the mysteries of this great world in which we are living. When a man has seen that vision, how immediately he becomes independent of all the lower standards by which he is surrounded, and going forward, simply asks that he may understand the truth! And when the man has a vision, how great it would be to win the applause of his fellow-men! and from that time his ears are unsatisfied till he hears men praising him. Another man has a vision of responsibility. There comes to him a great idea that he is in this world not merely to do his own will, but some will that is greater than his own, and from that time on he lives a deeper, stronger life, because of the great thought that he is responsible to God. Now, when a man needs new courage to stimulate him, he looks upon the vision that first stimulated him. As we look back on our lives, we can all see there are a great many visions that have been shown to us—prophecies of what we might become; and the difference between men in this world, more than in anything else, is not in the visions God has given them, but is in the way they are obedient or disobedient to them. Now, St. Paul simply found himself in the midst of this universal law, when from the time he saw the vision and was obedient to it, his whole life was changed; and something like it shall come into our lives, and we shall be able to go forward in the course he pursued so nobly, if we are obedient to the vision we have.

Let us ask ourselves what was the vision that was shown to St. Paul. He is on the way from Jerusalem to Damascus. The heavens opened over him, and a voice came down; and, humbled in the dust, he hears the voice of his Master. Then he knew that Jesus Christ was the only true Master, and that in the service of that Master would come that which was best for him in the world; that his life before had been a failure because it had been against the true Master of his life; and that just as soon as he fastened himself to Jesus Christ as his Master, he would enter upon that course which should bring forth all his powers and make him the man that God intended him to be. It seems to me we cannot too clearly see the genius of the Christian life as it is given to us there in the vision that was shown to St. Paul. It was not merely that he was a sinner, that he had certain duties he had been neglecting; but it was that there was one great secret of power which he might obtain by putting himself in constant personal connection with his Master.

It seems to me there is something in the very simplicity of

the text. When he recognized the vision he says he became obedient to it. My dear friends, that is the truth I want to take to myself, and have you take to yourselves to-night: the truth that the government of this world is all by obedience; that it depends upon what a man obeys, what a man is. The personal obedience is the Christian life; the personal salvation to one who has done for us that which has not merely won the right to demand of us that we should obey him, but has also shown us what he has done, how worthy he is of exacting our obedience. The vision, then, of the Christian life, it seems to me, that thing upon which the Christian fastens his eye and which he follows, and which leads him on through all the rich and beautiful ranges of Christian growth, the vision that first moves him, is Christ, his Master, and his own life completely obedient to Christ. We ask ourselves again the question. What is it to be a Christian? We ask ourselves again the question, How shall I become a Christian? It is simply the new life that comes to a man when he has put himself in personal obedience to the Master, and in obedience to that Master there opens before him all the richness of the new life, and in this obedience man watches the character of Him whom he is obeying. There is no power in this world like friendship. There is nothing as you look upon your life that has shaped you, made you what you are to-night, so completely as the friendships in which you have been living from your boyhood up. Now, Christianity seems to be simply the perfection of this power of friendship. It seems to be simply the speaking of the sky so that we can see that, above every other friendship, above everything that shapes our lives, there is the power of God made manifest in Jesus Christ, so that he who passes his life in utter and entire obedience to that of the Great Master enters into the character of that Master more and more.

Look at the old saint whose Christian life is almost over, whose beautiful days are drawing to their beautiful close, who just remembers the far-back time when he first became a disciple of the Master. What has made him what he is? I try to analyze it, and, when I get at the secret of it, it is that there has been a heavenly vision made manifest to him. It became known to him that there was one who, being his Master by the very right of His birth, had asserted His mastership by the love He had shown him and by the death He had died for him; and, as gradually his years slipped by, his life had been shaping itself upon the life of that great Master, till now he says, in the words that old Paul used, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," the perfection of his life as it has been shaped by obedience upon the life of his Master. It seems to me it is more and more necessary that we should bring ourselves to an absolutely simple conception of what Chris-

tianity is. The Christian experience is not merely something that comes into a man's life when he becomes conscious of his sins; it is not merely a new series of duties he enters upon, it is coming into friendship with that great, noble person in whom God is manifest to us; the giving of our lives so thoroughly to Him that we become like Him; our natures shaped upon His nature, till our life is His life and His life is our life. That is what it is to be a Christian. O Christians, remember this at the very beginning of your Christian life! Christianity and Christian experience is not the repenting of sin; it is not the doing of new duty; but it is the bringing of our life into conformity with the life in which God is manifest to us—the life of our Lord Jesus Christ. I climb a hill upon its darkened side. There is no sun that lights me, but I know upon the other side there is light; and as I go I stumble over ugly roots that trip me up. The dark shades are around me, and I go stumbling on. That is not the real purpose of my climbing the mountain. The obstacles are the incidents. But now I am at the top! There billows the sun before me, and I am illumined by his glory. Now, that is just the way with the Christians. It is not the experience of sin; it is not the conviction and wretchedness of sin that is the object of their Christian life. The soul humbled under its sins has only just reached the threshold of the new Christian experience. I beg you to understand this, my dear friends. I beg you to understand it, because this is what gives this glorious and triumphant tone to Christian experience. It is the recognition of the life of Jesus Christ as the pattern of the life into which we have to be shaped by our continued obedience to Him.

But some one says: "Where is the place, then, of repentance of sin? Where is the place of the duty that the Christian is to do?" Repentance of sin is simply the natural, inevitable consequence, when my life meets the perfect life; when I come into the presence of Jesus Christ, then every wickedness of my life shows up against His glory, and it is the shame in which I am thrown by meeting Him that makes me cast my sins indignantly away. "But where comes in the duty of the new life?" Ah! It is not that we may be brought to Christ that we do our duty, but that is simply the duty that we do, the song triumphant and the thankfulness with which we assure ourselves that we have, indeed, made Him our Master. There is some poor drunken fellow in our city—what makes that man a Christian? What makes the difference that has come over so many souls in our city the last few weeks? It is that they repented of their sins? That must come first, but it came in fact when sitting here or in their own room, for he meets them everywhere, the Saviour came into their presence. When they heard the voice of their Master, when they thought how He

had Himself suffered to the very death for them; then they became ashamed that they, men, worthy of such a Master and of such a sacrifice, should go on in the low drunkenness in which they had been living; their sins became in their sight abominable things, and they cast them away.

There is one great idea, one very rich and beautiful idea, that lies at the very bottom of the whole Christian thought, and that is, the rescuing a soul and bringing it to Christ is simply bringing it back into a life in which it naturally belongs and out of which it has wandered. It is not an unnatural thing, a man becoming a Christian. Oh, if we would only understand that it is a most natural thing, that vision of the kingdom of God! As natural as the coming back of the poor prodigal out of the wretchedness in which he had been living, to his father's house, where he belonged; as natural as the coming back of this poor bleating sheep borne by the shepherd back to the fold out of which it had wandered. The Saviour's teaching is that man belongs to God, and that the coming to God is the coming back to God from whom we have departed. The coming of Jesus and his rescue of our nature always seems to me to be like this: There are people who, having been born in a land of richness and of culture, full of all good and holiness, have been taken away in their childhood, or have wandered by some act of their own, and have gone off and lived in exile on a savage island, where there is nothing that is beautiful or pure. They have been growing up in the midst of vileness and sin. By and by, on that island where they are living, they see a ship coming to them. It draws nearer and nearer across the waters. They begin to wonder what it is, and by and by a boat drops over its side and some one lands, a new form and yet an old form among them, and lives in their midst. When he comes it is all strange to them, but by and by he reminds them of things they had forgotten. There come into their hearts memories of that which had seemed entirely to have passed away. He came from the home in which they were born, and where their true place is, and he has come to remind them of their heritage. And by and by, as he lives there for them, and suffers there with them, there springs up in their hearts a memory of that old land from which he came. They recognize him as one with whom they have to do, and after awhile they are touched at the remembrance, and they say: "Oh, deliver us from this bondage!" And then he takes them by their hands and leads them back again; once more crosses the sea, and, landing on the shore from which he came, they find places waiting for them there. Oh, my friends, those of you who are Christians, don't you know what it all means? Don't you know how as little by little your sins were cast away, and you began to live an-

other life; as little by little new holiness, of which you never dreamed as possible for you, opened before you, and you entered into them, how a strange naturalness was in all? It was all new; but yet it was not new. There was something that reminded you of some association there had been before. And your Saviour, how was it with Him? When you first heard of Him, when He first stood out before you, as if you saw Him verily with your eyes, and you heard His word, and as you bowed in prayer and hid your eyes from everything besides, when Jesus Christ stood before you, you seemed to see something strange that you had never met in your life before; but little by little, as he touched the deeper powers of your nature, you had a new conviction—*My* Saviour! *my* Saviour!

I tell you, my friends, I should have no hopes for the conversion of mankind, certainly not for the large conversion of the world, if it were not God's world from the beginning. If a man says to me: "I have no God; I have no God. I am my own God. The world around me is my God"; then I know if the Saviour could be set before that impious man, there would be something in his heart that would recognize God, and the Saviour who is his brother by the very fact of his being a child of God. And if he could see Him as he is, he would say: "Take me back to my Father! Take me back to my Father whom I have forgotten, but whom you have showed me." The way has been made clear by that mysterious work by which you have come and given yourself into my life and bore its wretchedness and its sin for me. That is Christ giving a vision to the soul. He is before you now; right in your presence; looking at you; and Christ not only to whom you may come and begin a new life, but to whom you may give yourselves with the old life for which you are made. For the old life is the new life in this great world, and the children of God have wandered from Him, but are His children still, and to whom the Son of God has come to tell them of their Father.

Here seems to me, too, is the power, the deep, deep power of the life a Christian lives after he has become a Christian; this idea of a new power, a new force in his soul. I think a great many stop when they are talking and thinking about seeing Christians, wondering what their new life shall be. "You tell me it is all new. You say I am to be something different from what I have been. You say the old life is to be left behind me, and I go on an entire new course. What am I to do with myself when I am a Christian?" That, it seems to me, is answered, if we can conceive of this great fact of Christian life.

But it is but the living of the life which God has made clear to us through the manifestation of Christ, and to which it is really a restoration. What does the child say when he comes back into his father's house after he has been living in his

wretchedness and sins? The very things that fill his father's house spring up to meet him, and he finds everything is made for him; and so when a man who has become a Christian looks around upon the world and says, "I don't know what I am going to do," the work of his Father comes to him and he will catch something of the Spirit, something of the work of the great Son of God. I am amazed when I see how instantly the young Christian catches his new work, and goes about doing the tasks of Jesus as if he had been doing them all his life. They are natural to him. And then a great deal of your life when you are a Christian will go on in doing the same things you have been doing. You will buy and sell, you will meet your friends upon the street, you will sit around your family board, you will talk about the news of the day, and it will seem all like the old thing, and yet like such a new thing. Can you not bear me witness, many of you, how life has been transfigured, all duty has been changed? What deep things we are doing all the time and doing them so triflingly, and making them so shallow and superficial. We are dealing with our friends in what we call friendship. True friendship is infinite, and we are making a light thing of it. We are dealing with our families. Family love is the deepest and most sacred thing on earth.

Does the heavenly vision come to everybody? Does everybody have shown to him by Christ that he belongs to God, and that there is a high life for him if he will be God's child and servant? Yes, it does come to everybody. Christ is absolutely the universal light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world. Don't dare to dream that you are somehow an exception, and that the Divine life has never been shown to you; that Christ has never been made manifest unto you; that you are doing what you might be doing; that you are what you might be. I should not know how to believe in Christ for myself if I didn't believe in Christ for every man and woman in this world. If there was one for whom He had not died, I should not dare to think that I was not that one.

Just one word more. See how this simplifies the Christian life: "I was not disobedient," I was "obedient, to the heavenly vision." I did what was made manifest to me that I ought to do. Obedience, just the doing of that which is shown to us as our duty, is all that Christ asks of us, and is the saving of the soul. The saving of the soul? No; the soul was saved when Christ came and saved it. It is the doing of the vision that He has laid out open before us when He simply says: "Obey and live. Do the thing you know you ought to do." Now, is not there something you ought to do to-night? Is not there some vision you are not obeying? Is not there some manifestation of the Saviour you are not

receiving? If you can stop and be obedient to the heavenly vision He is giving you now of Himself, glory will brighten as the daylight grows, till the noontime shall come at last. There came by and by another vision to Paul. There came a time when, lifted out of the world in a way that so amazed himself that he could not know whether it was really he or not, he saw unspeakable things and heard unspeakable words. Would the latter vision ever have come to him if he had not willingly obeyed the first vision that was shown to him? It was because he stretched out his hands upon the road to Damascus and said, "Lord, what shall I do?" that by and by he saw sights that he could not tell to mortal man. That is the way. Obedience sets the seal upon a revelation that the Master gives us, and then upon that sealed revelation some new light shall come, which a new obedience shall seal. So, every obedience new light, and every light new obedience, as if they were the maintaining stairways which led up to heaven to the throne of God, the soul goes on till it is made perfect in the image of Him who came to seek you when you were all wretchedness and sin. This is the glory of the Christian life. Light up your eyes, Christians! Let not men think that to be a Christian is to be a weak and crushed and broken thing! Let them see that the Christian life is the glory of all life, for no man is a man till he is Christ's. Lift up your heart, O poor discouraged sinner, fascinated by your sin, yet holding it, come unto Him who has conquered your sin, as he has brought you into the light of His glory, and fastening yourselves to Him let Him draw you away from your sin, with that sweet compulsion of tried obedience which transforms you gradually but certainly into likeness with Himself. That is the Christian faith; that is the Christian progress; that is the Christian glory, because only he who is disobedient to no heavenly vision, at last has the other vision of the golden streets, and the river of water of life with the tree of life beside it, which is always filled with fruitage, always rich in growth to the glory of the Lord. Now let us pray for that.

Three Ways to the Lord.

A SERMON

By Charles Gerok, D.D., Prelate in Stuttgart, Germany.

[Translated by Rev. J. C. Brodfuhrer, A.M.]

Again the next day after John stood and two of his disciples; and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God! etc.—John i: 35-51.

There is only one way to heaven, and that way is Jesus Christ—He who declared of himself, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." But there are many ways to Christ, many leadings of Providence to the Lord. Some souls are drawn to the Lord earlier, others later; one gradually, another in a storm; some through affliction, others through joy; one by means of an internal impulse, another by means of an external guidance. It is exceedingly pleasant and profitable to trace these ways of the Lord; to read in the lives and confessions of pious men and noble women how wonderfully the Lord has led them.

There we learn to admire *the wisdom and goodness of our God*, who in a thousand ways can lead to the one blessed aim, who gently treats every soul according to its needs, as a wise, careful gardener cares for his flowers and plants, each according to its wants. The one must have sunshine, the other desires shade; some wish to be kept moist, others dry; some must be pruned, others propped; the one is to be cared for tenderly indoors, the other will flourish best in the open air. The conclusion of such a contemplation and the end of such a life will always redound to the praise of the Lord. Thou leadest thy people most wonderfully, O Lord, yet always to a blessed end!

Another excellent fruit of such a contemplation is that we learn to *love the brethren*, that we learn to view God's world and human life with that large-hearted and patient love which does not measure one's neighbor in our measure, as if he must be converted just as we were; as if the coat of his righteousness must have the same cut as ours; as if we only were the elect. No; beyond the mountains will be found men, and beyond the limits of city, state, or country will be found true children of God. The Lord can bring his own to himself in various ways—in by-ways and even in mistaken ways; therefore do not at once condemn and judge. There are many gifts, but one Spirit; there are different administrations, but the same Lord; there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all!

A third wholesome fruit of such contemplation is that it will *promote our self-knowledge*. The life of other saints should be a mirror to us. Their mistakes should warn us; their suf-

ferings should console us; their virtues should serve us as patterns. Here each one may select his heroes and favorites, who may serve to edify and encourage him to follow the Master. Wherefore, since we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us.

In our gospel we likewise have a cloud of witnesses about us; we see five disciples gathering around the Lord—John the Evangelist, Andrew, Peter, Philip and Nathanael. They differ quite widely in temperament and character; they are brought to the Lord in different ways, and yet all come to the Lord and gather about Him, like the stars around the sun, like the brooks into the ocean. Let us observe the narrative a little more closely, and perceive

THREE WAYS TO THE LORD.

1. By way of the sermon.
2. By way of example.
3. By way of experience.

We see *three ways to the Lord* in our text.

1. The first is *the way of the sermon; Andrew* and *John* take it. "Again the next day after, John the Baptist stood and two of his disciples; and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God!" There is the *sermon.* Behold, this is the Lamb of God! This is the germ and centre of all evangelical preaching. Not only John the Baptist, but all the apostles; not only the New Testament, but the entire Bible, Moses and the prophets, David and Isaiah, the entire choir of holy witnesses—they all point to Christ. "Behold the Lamb of God!" is the aim of all Scripture. And this is the aim of every evangelical clergyman. A celebrated professor and preacher, August Hermann Franke by name, has stated the rule for all evangelical clergymen: Whatever you may preach about, never deliver a sermon by which some soul may not be led to Christ. And a still more celebrated professor and preacher, Paul of Tarsus by name, has given the theme of all his sermons in his own words: "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

"Behold the Lamb of God!" is the theme, my beloved, of our sermons, whatever else we may preach. If we preach concerning God, of His holiness and love, Behold the Lamb of God! that is His beloved Son, whom He gave us for the sake of love for a sacrifice! Shall we discourse concerning duties, encouraging you to the performance of every virtue? Behold the Lamb of God! from Him learn humility and gentleness, innocence and obedience. Shall we rebuke your sins and arouse your conscience? Behold the Lamb of God! your sins are so great that this innocent Lamb must needs be slain on the accursed

tree. Shall we console you with the grace of God? Behold the Lamb of God! the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. Shall we tell you of future glory and describe to you the sweetness of Heaven? Behold the Lamb of God! this Lamb in the midst of the throne desires to make us lie down in green pastures and to lead us beside the still waters. Our teachings and admonitions, rebukes and consolations, all tend to the proclamation: Behold the Lamb of God! Evangelical preaching has no other aim than to point the way to Christ and lead us to the Lord.

Oh, that it might accomplish this in our case, and truly be a way to the Lord for us! "And the two disciples," it says, "heard Him speak, and they followed Jesus." The word entered their heart. They "heard Him speak." Ah, my dear friends, we often fail to hear the gospel. One should suppose that to be a sweet gospel which points us to the fairest of the children of men, to the best friend of our souls, to the Lamb of God which carries the sins of the world. One should think that God could not draw men to Himself in a more earnest, friendly, pressing and effectual way than when He gives His own Son as a victim, and calls out to them by His messengers, Behold the Lamb of God! But who cares to hear it even in Christian lands? One out of ten! Where are the nine? O they are busy in the field or in the garden; that is more important than to work out their salvation with fear and trembling! They must enjoy themselves and go after pleasure! that is sweeter than to sit at the feet of Jesus, as Mary did. They know what things belong unto their peace; they have cultured brains and enlightened intellects which are better guides than the ancient prophets and apostles. They do not wish to hear. And those who hear, do they hear aright? Do you, my soul, hear? That is God's Lamb, your pattern, your Saviour, your salvation! Perhaps you come very regularly and are very devout at the services; you may even read in the Bible at set times, and quote it quite freely, and yet this truth has never found entrance in a realizing sense: Behold the Lamb of God! Having hearing ears, you have not heard; having seeing eyes, you have not seen! The Lord add power to His word, and grant His people open ears to hear His word.

And keep it! Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it. Two of His disciples heard Him speak, "and they followed Jesus." If the sermon shall prove in our case a way to the Lord, it must persuade us to follow Christ. "They followed Jesus," they forsook their former teacher and master John, and followed Him that was greater than he. And John willingly saw them go, and looked after them with joy. For he desired to be only a voice speaking in the wilderness;

Prepare ye the way of the Lord. I am willing to decrease, so that *He* may increase.

Beloved friends! We likewise in our preaching wish only to prepare the way for the Lord, and point you to Him who alone is your Lord and Master. You are not to remain holding on to man's words, but you are to press on and grasp God's Word. You are not to be converted to the preacher, be his name what it may, but to Jesus Christ, the shepherd and bishop of your souls. "And they followed Jesus." Oh, if we could win one soul to follow the Lord! If but one of you on your way home should resolve, "Yes, I will follow the will of God, as it has been preached to-day; I will follow this Lamb of God which has been pointed out to me; I wish to experience this salvation which has been offered";—if one of you should so resolve and immediately begin to pray to the Lord: "Receive me! Thou shalt be my teacher and master, my exemplar and guide, my Saviour and Redeemer, my One and my All in all"; and should you make His personal acquaintance and follow Him, then you might forget our sermon and our person, in presence of the new light which you would behold in communing with the Lord, and you might surpass us in faith and knowledge, in holiness and experience, as John the Evangelist surpassed his teacher, the Baptist. We should not complain; we would rather rejoice; we would praise God for this most blessed fruit of our labor. For the preached word is to serve for nothing else than a way to the Lord.

Dear friends, this way is open for all. We have the Word of God richly dwelling among us at home and at church; a thousand times and in countless voices our ears are greeted with: Behold the Lamb of God! O do not despise this call, do not harden your hearts against this gospel message; it will come up in judgment against us! Woe be to us if it should then be said: Ye have Moses and the prophets, ye had Christ and the apostles, ye had sermons and sacraments, ye had church and school, ye had Bible and catechism, yet ye have heard nothing, ye have learned nothing, ye have become nothing, and stand there so poor, miserable, blind and naked! Woe on us if the Lord should then also lament over us: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

But, my dear friends, the Lord has made it still easier to come to Him. There is a second way to the Lord; that is: 2. *The way of example; Simon Peter* took it. One of the two which heard John speak and followed Jesus, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, "We have found the Messias, . . . and he brought him to Jesus." Andrew, scarcely called, on the same day

becomes an apostle to his brother. "We have found the Messias." His blessed treasure he cannot keep to himself; he tells it to his dearest friend, which is his beloved brother Peter, and guides him to the Lord. He cannot perform a nobler service of love toward his brother than to bring him the tidings of Christ; he cannot bring his Master and Lord a nobler gift of love than to bring Him the precious heart of Cephas, the faithful man firm as a rock.

That is the *blessedness of example.* Example is a living sermon. One example effects more than a hundred doctrines; one model more than ten masters.

Hence, our Saviour is such a great Teacher, because He did not only fully reveal God's will, but fulfilled it so completely; because He did not only say, Thou shalt do this and leave that undone; but because He left us an example that we should follow His footsteps. Therefore the people rightly demand from a minister that he should set a good example, and not be satisfied with preaching to others, whilst he may become a castaway. Hence you in your spheres may become ministers and teachers if you will show others by word and conduct that you have found the Messias; if you, by your Christian example, lead them to the Lord. Consider, O father or mother, what is your child benefitted by all the sound doctrines which it learns at church or at school, if your home is lacking in a good example? If the child hears at school, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," and at home hears swearing rather than prayer; if at school it learns, "Thou shalt not steal," and at home it sees cheating and dishonesty; if it learns at school, "Little children, love one another," and at home sees nothing but strife and spite—woe unto him by whom offences come! But where the child can see in your eyes and perceive in your very tone of voice and every gesture, "We have found the Messias"; if your child notices in you Christian trust and a Christian walk, that accomplishes more than all the words of the learned pulpit, more than all doctrines which are found in books. What a blessing it is for a person for a whole lifetime, a blessing even for eternity, to grow up beneath the example of Christian parents, teachers and relatives, where Christian faith and practice, discipline and order, Christian gentleness and love were present from early youth! Such a picture will not be forgotten in time; he will thank them for it in eternity. It is a blessing for a family, for a congregation, if it is only a single soul that proclaims it in an humble walk, in a heavenly peace of mind, in cheerful patience, in a happy death: "I have found the Messias." Ah! how we could become to each other benefactors, leaders, helpers, apostles and angels by means of noble example: I mean parents to children, husband to wife, brothers to sisters, friends to friends. Dear

friends, there is none among us to whom the Lord has not already sent such a guide, such an angel in human form. There are many who have to thank pious parents for being their guides to the path of peace; these thanks are in some cases not rendered till they are parted from parents, and sometimes so late as at the grave. Surely there is many a one among us who has a friend, a brother, a teacher or an employer by whom he has been directed to the Lord, and to whom he exclaims in heartfelt accents: "Hail, brother! you have saved my life and my soul." Thanks be to God, there are in every congregation some souls in whose eyes and in whose deportment it can be plainly seen: "We have found the Messias." If you cannot find such an example among the living, then the dead must bear witness; we would point you to the cloud of witnesses who have preceded you in the kingdom of God, from the day of Abraham to that of Paul; we would point you to the multitude of the righteous made perfect, who from heaven, their present clear mount of transfiguration, call out to you with the exultation of victors: "'We have found the Messias!' have found Him down in the dust under many conflicts and tears, in many sorrows and labors, whilst we exercised a childish trust; have found Him up here in light, where we can see Him as He is, and are happy beyond expression and understanding in His glorious presence! 'We have found the Messias!' O, come and seek Him as we have, and find Him as we have, and be happy as we are!"

Since we are compassed about with so great cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us; let us strive together after eternal life.

Finally, my beloved, there is another way to the Lord, which in the end is the best of all, and which every one must go.

3. *The way of experience.* The disciples in our text, one and all took it; they saw the Lord each for himself, heard Him and became acquainted with Him, but Nathanael or Bartholomew in a special manner went this way. Mere testimony does not convince him, as it did Andrew; he does not follow example, as did Peter. To the glad message of Philip: "We have found Him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph," Nathanael incredulously replies: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

There are lives, my friends, in which but little of wholesome doctrine and good example is to be found; there are poor neglected souls who grow up rude, without training and admonition, in the midst of vices and crimes; the very air they breathe seems contaminated with pestilential malaria. Again, there are souls who are made of tougher stuff than

others; skeptics, who do not wish to believe on mere testimony, and they have all sorts of doubts about the preaching of the gospel; defiant souls, who oppose themselves to human guidance or teaching. But for such perverse souls there is a school—*the school of experience;* and for neglected hearts there is a guide; it is the Lord Himself, who meets them in His Divine power.

"Come and see!" says Philip to skeptical Nathanael; and Nathanael comes, sees and believes. Come and see! was once said to doubting Thomas, and he became full of trust. Come and see! was applicable to enraged Saul, and the lion is turned into a lamb. Come and see! is the appropriate direction nowadays to every heart which the Lord wishes to draw to Himself, notwithstanding all opposition. "Come and see!" And the Lord Himself meets us in His majesty which cannot be gainsaid, in His irresistible might. He meets us in a sudden change of fortune, in an outward shock, in a deep sorrow, or in a great joy. He meets us in an internal touch and inexplicable motion, and our soul is turned within us, and what we did not wish to hear we now must feel; and what no sermon taught us, and what no example effected in us, the school of experience teaches us.

O, it is an excellent school for doubting skeptics, for perverse hearts! An excellent school for every one! Although you accept the sermon in full faith, and follow good example very willingly, yet we call out to you: "Come and see!" for you, as an individual, must come to the Lord; you must learn to know Him personally; you must in yourself experience and prove for yourself in sadness and gladness what you have heard and read, learned and believed! Practice makes perfect in earthly arts; experience makes the complete Christian. Therefore, dear friend, come and see! come for yourself and see with your own eyes.

And whom will you find! A lovely friend of souls, to whom your soul is precious; who approaches you as Jesus did Nathanael with the acceptable testimony: "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." You will find a deep searcher of hearts, who will open to you your inmost soul, and discover the most secret folds of your life, as Jesus did when He spoke to Nathanael: "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee"—before thou hadst a thought of Me, I followed after thee: a master, a king of hearts and Son of God, to whom you cannot deny homage, and before whom you must bow and confess with Nathanael: "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel."

This sounds quite different, as when he contemptuously said, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" The pres-

ence of the Lord taught him that; he learned it in the school of experience. Such a confession of faith, not only learned from the catechism and rehearsed, but experienced for oneself, to overcome bitter doubts in days of sufferings and nights of solicitude, to have the creed grow out of ardent prayers and happy hours of devotion in the closet, that alone is of value and has a precious promise.

Jesus answered and said to him: "Thou shalt see greater things than these. Verily, verily, I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see Heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man!"

"Thou shalt see greater things than these." His promise is also intended for you, if you have made a beginning in Christian experience. As Nathanael and the other disciples day by day saw and heard greater things from their beloved Lord and Master, till He stood before them as the One to whom power is given in Heaven and on earth, and ascended up into Heaven to their mute astonishment; how they day by day learned to know and understand Him better, till the day of Pentecost, when they became full of the Holy Ghost; so likewise thou, dear soul, wilt see day by day greater things in the company of the Lord, in the school of experience. It holds true: He that hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; he goes from experience to experience, from knowledge to knowledge, from power to power, from glory to glory, from peace to peace, and from one degree of grace to another. Yea, verily, "Thou shalt see Heaven open and the powers of the world to come, like angels descending upon thee." On the way of pious experience, "Always higher" is the motto, the soul traveling steadily heavenward.

"Thou shalt see greater things than these." When, finally, the last experience comes—the most bitter and feared, the happiest and greatest; when the soul is to go out of the darkness of earth into the light of Heaven, from faith to sight, out of conflict into peace; when the angels shall call out to thee, "Come and see"; when those who have gone before beckon to thee, "Behold the Lamb of God"; when thou art allowed to behold Him, whom here below thou didst not see but yet didst love Him; and thou art permitted to behold what eye hath not seen, what ear hath not heard, and what hath not entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him, and thou exclaimest, in the words of the confession, "Thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel"; then, O my soul, thou hast made the right experience!

O beloved ones, come to the Lord! The ways are numerous, the end is so delightful! And Thou, O Lord, draw us

Thyself to Thee! Lead us by Thy effectual Word, guide us by the communion of the saints, bring us by hearty experience to the heavenly prize!

"When shall these eyes Thy Heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I Thy joys shall see."

Amen.

Certainties in Religion.

A LECTURE

By Joseph Cook, at the Chautauqua Assembly.

A LITTLE while ago we were not in the world—a little while hence we shall be here no longer. This is arithmetic. This is the clock. Demosthenes used to say that every speech should begin with an incontrovertible proposition. Now, it is scientifically incontrovertible that a little while ago we were not here, and a little while hence we shall be here no more. De Tocqueville said that you will in vain try to make any man religious who has no thought of dying. Now, the first of religious certainties is, that we are going hence soon. As to that proposition there is not a particle of doubt. In this audience we have assembled the eastern west and the western east. But among all the coteries of small philosophy which annoy our unrolling democratic ages, in the Mississippi Valley or the Ohio, or in that of the Hudson, the Connecticut or the Merrimac, there is no one who can deny that we are going hence soon, and that we want to go hence in peace. Here then are two religious certainties, that we must go out of this world—and that if law is universal in its reign, we shall not in going out of this world escape from the sovereignty of the moral law revealed in conscience here, and likely to be revealed in the next world quite as fully as it is in our present low estate. I defy any man to deny that we are going hence. I defy any man to deny that we want to go hence in peace. I defy any man to show that we can go hence in peace unless we are harmonized with our environment. What is that? Our environment is made up of God, of the plan of our own natures, and of our record in the past; and therefore we must be harmonized with God in conscience and our record, or, in the very nature of things, there cannot be peace for us. Aristotle built his whole philosophy on the proposition that a thing can exist and not exist at the same time and in the same sense; that is to say, self-contradiction is the proof of error everywhere. And now, since we have an environment made up of God, conscience and our record, we must be either in harmony or in dissonance with it; and if we are in dissonance, we are not in harmony with it; and if we are in harmony, we are not in dissonance with it. And so it is incontrovertible that with whatever environment we cannot escape from we must come

into harmony, and that environment consists of conscience, and of God, and of our record.

But, before I proceed to state analytically the propositions I am to defend as the basis of natural religion, let me call pause to your thoughts, and endeavor to bring for a moment a solemn hush here, such as will exist in our souls when eternity breathes on our cheeks. You say it is a very commonplace proposition that we are going hence; but did you ever calculate how many mature working hours there are in an ordinary life-time? Very few men begin labor for themselves earlier than at the period of twenty-five years of age. Very few continue such labor beyond the seventieth year. Now, between the twenty-fifth year of life and the seventieth there are forty-five years, and if you throw away in each year fifty-two days for Sundays, and thirteen for vacations and illness and other interruptions, you have three hundred working days a year. That is to say, in forty-five years you have 13,500 working days. Now, suppose that you labor ten hours a day, a very large average to be continued through forty-five years, you will therefore have in the forty-five mature years of life 135,000 working hours. At the end of that very short stretch of time you will go hence. Some of you have about a hundred thousand working hours left. Some of you have not sixty thousand, some of you not thirty thousand. Really there is no doubt about the proposition that at the end of 135,000 working hours any man's life which has already had twenty-five years in it will be over, and Gettysburg will be fought and won in that time, and America! it will not be half as interesting as the unseen holy into which all men haste. We say that we are to remain here. America is to remain; but it is the tree, we are the leaves. The leaves fall, although the tree endureth. Over the stringy bridges of the Atlantic mountain ranges and the Pacific, God will draw the cords of civilization many an age yet, and thrum them to His own glory and to the good of men. But you and I will listen to the music from the upper and not from the under side.

"Onward storms my strong-limbed race,
And pause, for Time is nigh,
Long on earth will men have place,
Not much longer, I.

Thousand summers kiss the lea,
Only one the sheaf;
Thousand springs may deck the tree,
Only one the leaf:
One, but one, and that one brief."

Mrs. Browning used to look toward the Alps and repeat the words of one of her famous poems:

"Above the star,
Pricked by the last peak of snow,
My Italy is there."

So our America, my friends, is not on the shore of a great lake, the valley of the father of waters, or in that delicious nook of the world we call New England. Our Mississippi is yonder with the Father of spirits. Mrs. Browning would repeat often the words of an old English poet:

"Although the day it seems so bright,
Long after the day cometh the dark night."

At last the bell ringeth to even-song, ringeth, she would say, with a melody that is prodigal of echoes. Now, in that hushed silence, in that attention of the whole spirit which is given to religious truth, the moment we say we are going hence, and that we wish to go hence in peace, ring any bell of merely negative philosophy, ring any tocsin of audacious self-conceit in the field of mere speculation, and ask how satisfying are the echoes. We want truth, and we want that on which we can depend as we take our leap into the unseen; and we want, therefore, certainty guaranteed, both by natural and by revealed truth. We want, when we go hence, "a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens," and in which we may at this moment take up our residence, provided only we bring ourselves into peace with our environment. But that house not made with hands, perhaps it is about us now, perhaps we are not at peace with it at this moment, perhaps we do not like the company in the house not made with hands. There are in that palace things that we can see from this present low position of the human race, and some of the things in it I assure you this morning, some pictures you have turned with their faces to the wall, I would turn with their faces toward the front; and in the house not made with hands where we stand already, I would raise the question whether it is possible for us to live happily in that house unless we love what its Lord loves and unless we build according to the pattern of His own palace.

I speak to-day from a set of numbered heads in order to avoid being misreported; for our friends who are reporters are among the busiest men on the globe, as they always have to make three days out of one, and it is my policy to aid them as much as possible by putting the strategic points of an address in writing, and only those. Among the certainties in religion I rank these first: that there are three things from which we cannot escape, our own natures, God and our record. When the battle was fought between the Monitor and the Merrimac, the ship Cumberland was sunk in water so shallow that her top-gallants remained above the wave. A friend of mine who was in the cabinet of Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts

had a friend in the hold of that vessel—a surgeon attending to the wounded. When the ship went down he was nearly strangled by the rushing in of the brine, but keeping in view the light that was streaming down the hatchways, he aided himself out on the rigging, and at last, almost dead, was taken into a boat at the surface of the sea in safety. Now, the insidious and almost unseen persuasion of human nature is, that when we go down in the sea of death and eternity we shall leave ourselves behind ourselves at the bottom of the sea, and escape through the engulfing torrents from ourselves, and be taken into a life-boat on the surface of the eternal ocean and saved. Now, the trouble with that precious theory, my friends, is in the nature of things. We are the Cumberland, and the Cumberland cannot swim out of the Cumberland, can it? While you continue to exist you will have to keep company with yourself, will you not? Is there any doubt about that? Is there anybody here so surprising in his doctrinal unrest as to deny that while his existence continues it will be necessary for him to keep company with the plan of his own nature? We are in existence, and while we continue in existence we cannot flee from our own individualities. One wife I cannot be divorced from—that is, my conscience. Your Indiana divorce law may be lax, but the supreme powers do not pass divorce laws between man and conscience. We are to stay with ourselves, for the Cumberland cannot swim out of the Cumberland, that is one certainty. But it is sure the Cumberland cannot escape from the water in which it floats. It cannot float among the sands. We never shall escape from omnipresence. There is no fleeing from a being who is everywhere and who is omnipotent. The old Latin proverb says, "*Si vis fugere deo, fuge ad deum*"—"If you wish to flee from God, flee to God." For the only way to flee from an omnipotent being, and an omnipresent one, is to flee to him. There is no cloud at this moment shot through by the sunlight so saturatingly as we all are, and always shall be shot through by the omnipresence. There is no sedge in the seething white and green below the terrible majesty of Niagara yonder that is so boiled full of water as we all shall be, and are, with God's presence, whether we feel it or not. Undoubtedly the dull surge yonder in the foam knows little of the sublimity of Niagara; and so we tossed to and fro, in natural law, know little of the awsome depth and height below us and above us: but the day will come when we shall know, and we are to be filled, as never was a floating sea-weed with the ocean, with God. And it is sure that He will be our environment, as well as our own nature its own environment. Faculties touch faculties, and, as I may say when I clasp my hands, one hand is the environment of another. So I may say, when my faculties in-

teract, that one faculty is an environment of the faculty that stands next to it. So I call our own individualities a part of our own environment. But the past is unchangeable. Not only can the Cumberland not swim out of the Cumberland and out of the sea: it cannot escape from its own weight, can it? You were born in the commonwealth of New York. Omnipotence cannot make it true that you were not born there. You have done things in the past which form pictures which you would gladly turn to the wall. Omnipotence cannot make it true that those things never were done. Even God's power cannot make a thing that has once been not to have been. In the nature of things what once has occurred will always be an event that has occurred, and the nature of things is only another name for God's nature. Our record in the unchangeable past, our conscience must face it, and God must face it.

And now I will hold that I am on firm scientific ground when I say that there are three things we cannot escape from, these interacting faculties in our souls, this power of the universe which brought us into existence, and which reveals itself in physical and moral law, this omnipresence, this omnipotence, this unswathing somewhat and some one; and, lastly, our record which we must face, and which He must face. Consequently it is incontrovertibly certain that these three things constitute our unalterable environment while we continue to exist in the next world as well as in this. Just here, my friends, the skeptics will say that I am passing into the region of conjecture; but all I ask of them to-day, or on any other occasion, is to be true to the scientific method. You say that law is universal. Very well, then. If I can measure a little arc of a law here I will draw the whole circle from the arc. Any three points determine the direction of a curve. You say that if you can make here the truth about gravitation clear, you know what gravitation is in the sun, and the moon, and all the stars. You say if you have a good text-book here on gravitation, that book is worth something in the North star. Go to Mr. Dana of New Haven, and he affirms that a good text-book on the laws of light would be worth something in the constellation of Orion, and he is sure of that because he is sure of the universality of law. This is one of the sublimest points of view of natural science, for, as Dana has said with fine epigrammatic phrase, "Our earth, although an atom in immensity, is immensity itself in its revelations of truth." It becomes such because any three points determine the curve of a circle. You ascertain here that light moves in straight lines, that it is the opposite of darkness, and you know that those things are true about it yonder in the stars. You bring down from the stars light to your spectroscope and analyze it, and find that certain minerals are in

the stars yonder, and our light here we can analyze in the same way. If I know what natural laws are on this globe, I have a right to walk right out on their ascertained curve and say that in worlds outside of this those laws prevail, for laws are universal and a unit. Now, what you do with regard to the physical law you call gravitation, I have a right to do in regard to the equally tangible law which inheres in conscience. It is enough for me to assert that the moral law is a natural law just as much as the law of gravitation. You believe that all natural law is a unit and universal; so I say that if I can determine a curve of the moral law here, I have a right to walk on it right up to Orion, right up to the North star and the Pleiades. In the name of the scientific method I do this. Precisely this audacity or scientific caution was exhibited in the parables of our Lord, for from the experience of men at the fireside with the moral law and from the sheepfold He drew illustrations of moral principles the range of which He swept through the universe, and by which He explained, not only our present existence, but the world that is to come. He assumed everywhere the unity of the moral law.

I affirm that a good text-book on the moral law here is worth something in Heaven. A good text-book here on physical gravitation is worth something in Orion. A good text-book on moral gravitation here is worth something in the heavens that shall never be rolled away. And I maintain that in these assertions I am not going by the breadth of a hair to the right or the left from the path of scientific straightforwardness. Moral law is just as much natural law as physical law, and moral law as natural law, is universal and a unit. The three points of a curve of moral gravitation may determine a circle as well as the three points in the curve of physical gravitation. Our globe, on account of the universality and the unity of law, is immensity itself in its revelations of moral as well as physical truth, although it be but an atom in the moral and physical immensity.

Third.—It is incontrovertibly certain that, according to Herbert Spencer, we need nothing so much as harmonization with our environment. That phrase is Spencerian and singularly strategetic when once we take the right point of view. Our environment—why, it is not merely physical; it is spiritual as well. And, after all, I am not so much concerned as to my physical environment as to my spiritual, even in this low estate. I can be tolerably happy in any physical surroundings if my spiritual environment is right. We know that in this life wise men are far more cautious about their spiritual environment, that is, the interaction of their souls' faculties upon each other, and their feeling of harmony or dissonance with the nature of things, than they are concerning

wealth or poverty, or even the flames that curl about the martyr's stake. In our present calloused condition we are far more influenced by our spiritual than our physical environments.

We have now proved that our unalterable environment here and hereafter is our nature, God and our record; and even according to reactionary, half-studied thought, that style of philosophy which captures beginners only. We are told that we must have harmonization of our environment, or we cannot possibly be at peace with the universe.

Herbert Spencer is the philosopher of beginners. The other day I went to Harvard University to give a lecture on conscience in the Saunders theatre there, and it was my fortune to meet the Professor of Metaphysics before the lecture in the parlor of the preacher to the University. I put to Prof. Bowen, my former instructor, this question: "Has Herbert Spencer a future in Harvard University?" "Oh, yes, sir, he has a future here, but it is all down hill." To the younger Professor of Philosophy there, once my class-mate, I put the same question and received for substance the same answer. I know that a brilliant Spencerian, Mr. Fiske, has sent out from Harvard University the best American book on the Spencerian philosophy. It is never my policy to underrate the intellectual worth of any critic on views I consider vital. It is worth mentioning, however, that Mr. Fiske began as an anti-Spencerian, and nobody knows what he may be yet. He has reversed his whole philosophical system twice, at least, and to-day does not represent the university in which he is not an instructor, but simply an assistant librarian. It is important for me, at this distance from Harvard, to make these statements, for it is commonly supposed that Harvard has been captured by Herbert Spencer. I not long ago met a distinguished scholar from England, who is now in this country and has become a critic of the free religionists, and I put to him the question: "Has Herbert Spencer a future in Great Britain, and especially in the universities?" He replied with caution and great ingenuousness: "If the truth must be whispered, it is that Herbert Spencer is losing his hold on the acutest and boldest critics of Great Britain.' Nevertheless, you will find that men who are beginning to read philosophy are often captured by Spencer's style, are commonly very reverent toward him. The newspaper men are most of them Spencerians.

Spencer, you know, thinks that all truth concerning God is like the back side of the moon—we never see it, we can know nothing about it. Well, what if that were so? I should not admit that the back side of the moon has no influence on us. I never saw the back side of the moon, that is true; but I know that there is not a wave in the far-gleaming sea from here to Japan that

is not influenced by that back side as much as by the front; and that there is no ripple along the sedges of any coast, public or private, in time past or in time to come, that is not under the law of the tides, and is not as much indebted for its motion to the unknown side as to the known. While I employ, therefore, Herbert Spencer's famous phrase concerning the necessity of our harmonization with our environment, I would give it a far wider sweep than he allows to it, and yet I need to insist only on self-evident truth, or direct inference from such truth—namely, that our environment with which we must be harmonized is made up here and hereafter of our conscience, God and our record.

Fourth.—It is therefore scientifically known that harmonization with conscience, God and our record is the unalterable natural condition of peace of soul. What? Natural conditions for salvation? Yes. Well, life is rather serious if the very nature of things has in it conditions of our salvation. You are at war with the nature of things. Which shall change, you or it? Let us be serious, my friends, because God cannot be an enswathing kiss without also being a consuming fire. There cannot be an upper without there being an under. There cannot be a here without there being a there. There cannot be a before without there being an after. There cannot be a right without there being a left You say these propositions are all incontrovertible; but, if you please, they have applications to interests of ours deeper than the immensities and more enduring than the eternities. If the nature of things is against us, God is against us. The nature of things is only another name for the total outcome of the Divine perfections. He cannot deny Himself. He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. And the nature of things is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. It has no variableness or shadow of turning. With Him is no variableness or shadow of turning. It is He. Are you in dissonance with it? Then are you in dissonance with Him. If, in face of the nature of things you need a change, so you do in the presence of a personal God.

What! am I assuming the Divine personality? Not at all. I am not endeavoring to prove it to-day, but I say there cannot be a here without a there, there cannot be a before without an after, there cannot be an upper without an under, and so I say there cannot be a thought without a thinker. There is thought in the universe, a thought not our own. That thought in the universe proves that there is a thinker in the universe not ourselves, and a thinker is a person. You cannot have thought without a thinker any more than a here without a there, or an upper without an under; and you know there is a thought in the universe that is not your thought. Agassiz, over and over, would close the majestic sec-

tions of his discussion of natural science by asserting that all facts of zoology, for instance, or geology, exhibit thought, presience, forecast. Standing on that assertion, I affirm that there cannot be thought without a thinker, and that a thinker is a person. Now, with that person the law of existence is that he cannot deny himself. Out of that "cannot" burst forth all the self-evident truths of the universe. We cannot have an upper without an under; we cannot make a whole less than a part, we cannot make a straight line other than the shortest distance between two points; we cannot erase the difference between right and wrong; and all those things we are unable to do because the nature of things will not reverse itself. God, in other words, the Thinker, who is the Ruler of all His creation, cannot deny Himself. You feel that you must be in harmony with the nature of things. You dare not deny the perfection of the nature of things. Submit to it then. Positively, the government of this universe is not elective. There are natural conditions of salvation. What is salvation? I mean by that word permanent deliverance from both the love and the guilt of sin. Well, that definition clears up a point or two. If salvation means that, it is about time for us to seek deliverance from the love of sin and guilt of sin. The love of sin? Why, I ought not to be at peace if I have that. The guilt of sin? If I have that, I ought not to be at peace with the universe. But "ought" has God in it. Until a man gets rid of both the love and the guilt of sin he cannot be at peace with the nature of things. Without perfect freedom from the love of sin and perfect freedom from the guilt of it, a man cannot be at peace in a universe, managed as it ought to be, and this universe is managed as it ought to be, and it will be for some time hence.

What I am afraid of is not the bann of any ecclesiastical party—I belong to no party,—but it is dissonance with the nature of things. It is want of harmony with that constitution of the universe which was, and is, and is to come. "Gentlemen," said Edmund Burke once to the electors at Bristol, "neither your vain wishes nor mine can change the nature of things." Now, I want no theology that is not built on rendered reasons. I want no pulpit—no dying pillow. I will put under the head of no dying man as a pillow anything that is not built on the nature of things. It is unalterable, and it is He.

Fifth.—It is scientifically incontrovertible that we know inductively that the soul, like every thing else, is made on a plan; and

Sixth—That the plan of any mechanism is to be ascertained by finding out how it can be operated as nearly frictionless as possible.

Seventh.—That the frictionless in a full-orbed human nature is the natural in human nature.

Eighth.—That continuous joy in all the faculties is a sign of the frictionless or natural action of the faculties.

Ninth.—That only when reason and conscience are supreme in the religious sense can a full-orbed soul obtain frictionless action within its environs or continuous joy in all its faculties.

Tenth.—*That the religious is therefore scientifically known by induction to be the only natural, that is, the only frictionless, action of human nature within its unalterable environment of God, conscience and our record.* My hand is made to shut toward the front, and not toward the back. I think I know that in spite of all the chatter of the know-nothing philosophy which asserts that we cannot be sure that there is any intention, although we do see the adaptation of means to ends, in nature. Now, that prince of American mathematicians, Prof. Pierce of Hartford University, lately delivered a lecture in Boston, in which he said: "If there is no force in the universe except what we call natural law, physical and moral, where is God?" And his reply was: "God is in the intention exhibited in the universe everywhere." In this he uttered one of the deepest of the propositions of the most advanced thought in Germany and in England, though not of the thought that has made the most clamor in the newspapers and in the magazines. That hand I know was made to shut toward the front, and how do I know it? Why, not to use technical terms, I know that it was intended to shut toward the front and not toward the back, because I can shut it thus with the least friction. If I try to shut my hand toward the back, at once certain parts of its mechanism resists that action, and I crush the hand by trying to shut it in that way. I affirm *that the hand cannot have been made in such a manner that its natural action is its own destruction.* The hand cannot have been so bunglingly made that when it acts as it was meant to act it will break itself.

Now, just that is the rule concerning the soul, if you please. How are you to find out what is natural action in the soul? Why, just as you find out the natural action of the hand by ascertaining what the frictionless action is. That looks very simple, you say; but, after all, the principle runs very widely through religious science. Here is a piece of mechanism. I do not know the plan of it, but I try to start the loom this way and that, and I find I am crushing a wheel here and a spring there. You have made that loom, it may be; and you have a written book concerning it, but I say you are a partisan. I will not read the book. God made man, and knows the plan of man's nature, and has written a book called the Bible explaining the plan and giving direction in regard to human life. But we say that book is partisan, and we will have none of it. I try to operate your loom, and you stand

by and you see my work, and are very willing I should have your experience as a guide. But I say, "I will have none of your wisdom, even though you are the servant of the mind which made the loom. You have set out under the direction of the maker, and you understand the way of operating it; but you are a partisan, and I will have none of your wisdom, for perhaps you are a minister. In these days, although a man is a man, even if his father was rich or poor, I think a man is not quite a man if he is a minister and claims any authority. So I will have none of this partisan guidance, for I believe in Spencer." This mechanism is before me, and I go on trying it now this way and now that. This is just what those professional guides want me to do. They have been studying this human loom all their lives. They have had experience in community after community, and probably have a better chance to understand human nature on all its sides than men not in their profession. But as they are partisans, I will experiment for myself. They want me to do so. At last I find that the machine moves smoothly. I can weave a web on it that will sell. I can make up a cargo of my weaving at Chicago and carry it to Liverpool without unpacking it, and there it will bring a price. The loom it weaves pattern after pattern, and those patterns all sell. At last, I say, I have found out how to operate this machine.

Just so I affirm concerning this far more complicated machine we call the human soul, that it must work frictionlessly or we may be assured of the fact that it works wrong, and that we have not ascertained the way in which it was meant to work. Everything is made on a plan, and, therefore, you know, the soul is made on a plan. But now, everything made on a plan is a kind of mechanism, and every piece of mechanism works best when it works with the least friction. My hand does not work absolutely without friction, but the movement of least friction is the natural action of it. And so with the soul, the action of least friction is the natural action. Will you please apply that very simple principle to human nature without the Bible in sight, and look at this whole topic from the point of view of the scientific method?

What is a frictionless action in the soul of a full-orbed man? Why do I say full-orbed? Because this loom might turn against the very plan of it if you were to take off half a dozen wheels. The young man who has crushed out fifty or eighty of the noblest instincts of his nature by dissipation—he is not only a dissipated man, but he is a dizzypated man; he is not a fair specimen of human nature. I will not take him to find out how this human machine may be made to operate harmoniously upon itself, for several of the wheels are gone. Perhaps I could turn him the wrong way and give no distress to his faculties.

Well, but you say this is a very unfair procedure. It is a scientific procedure, for if I go to Ann Arbor, or the University of New York, and ask some great professor what the lily of the valley is, or what the plant we call maize is, he will not show me a stunted specimen. If I carry to him a lily of the valley or a stalk of maize, he will want a specimen that grew in good soil, and that was well watered, and that showed all the powers of the plant. If I present to him the plant which rustles over so many hundred square miles on the prairies yonder, he will ask, "Did the maize come from France, where it produces forty to one; or from Illinois, where it produces eighty to one; or from Mexico, where it produces a hundred and fifty to one?" He will not take the maize to put into his cabinet unless it is a full-grown specimen, and he is perfectly scientific in that procedure; and so with the lily of the valley—he will not have it from any stunted soil, but he tells me that I must make up a picture of it if I cannot get a perfect specimen. Some specimens are good, and I will picture the best in a number of specimens until I have from several specimens a perfect idea of what that plant can do. When I have done this I carry that picture to Prof. Agassiz, or Prof. Dana, and he will say, "That is a lily of the valley that I will show to the world as a specimen of what is natural in that plant."

Just so I claim that if I am to follow the scientific method in ascertaining what is natural to human nature, I must take full-grown specimens, and if I cannot find in any one man or woman all the growth of all the faculties, I will take the best history has shown here and the best it has shown there, and make up my ideal of man as Agassiz does his ideal of the lily of the valley. What is natural to man? Let us answer that question by an unflinching application of the scientific method. Let us for a moment build up a man by that stern style of dissection which the student of merely physical science applies to the plant. We shall find ourselves confronted at once with a sense of our own fragmentary growth. I have a right, just as in the case of the lily of the valley, to take the best of many specimens.

Put together Phocian for Greece, and Hamden for England, and Washington and your Lincoln for America, as representatives of lofty justice in men. Take your Aristotle and Bacon, your Kant and Hamilton and Edwards, as specimens of analytical power. Take your Isaiahs and Fenelons and Bossuets, your Miltons and your Jeremy Taylors, as illustrations of the height which men may attain in the spiritual imagination and insight. Take your Napoleons, your Hannibals, your Cæsars, for executive strength. Put into those full-orbed men the consciences of the martyrs and the apostles and the prophets.

And now, having built up the loftiest zones of human nature according to the scientific method, I will not diverge from the stern demands of science: I will put into the lower zones of man's nature the very best growth you have ever seen there. For after Isaiah and Plato, after the prophets and apostles, after the Cæsars and Napoleons, after the Kants and Hamiltons have been put into the upper ranges, I can bear to put into the lower, as added basilar strength, the Caligulas and the Neros and the Domitians and the Vespasians. It will only give steeds to these riders to put the best growth of the basilar faculties beneath the best growth of the coronal. It is good for a man to have a tempest in the lower half of his face if he has a hurricane in the upper half.

Now, with that thought of a full-orbed man before you, ask whether nature made up thus can stoop to the gutter, can be at peace while uttering the words "I will not" defiantly to the still small voice that says "I ought," can harmonize itself with the environment which faculty gives to faculty when it will not do what it knows it ought to do or what the nature of things requires? Is it in such a full-orbed specimen of human nature to act crookedly or to drop down to vice?

There is a rule in the United States that no one State can declare war or make peace without the consent of all the other States. Massachusetts and South Carolina have no right, under the Constitution, to fall into war or to declare peace unless the Union gives its consent. Now just that is the law of this republic of faculties, and is the law of this full-orbed nature which I have sketched, and of which we have at best only a sketch, for a man must be a full-orbed nature in order to appreciate one of that nature. In man's nature there is a law that there must not be any secession. South Carolina must not go out of the Union. But all the vices are South Carolina's. There is not a vice that can get a vote of the Union on its own side. I claim there is not a single action in human nature known as a vice that is not a secessionist in the constitution of man's nature. Now, if you please, it is getting to be a stern last morning with all philosophy that has vice, if these things can be demonstrated to all men. We know we are made on a plan, and the soul ought to act frictionlessly, and, of course, when men take a full-orbed soul as a specimen of what is natural, and we know that every vice is a secessionist, why, we know then *scientifically* there is a best way to live, and if there is a best way to live, we know scientifically that it is best to live the best way.

You think nothing can be proved outside of the Bible? Why, all these propositions I hold would be true even if there had been given us no revelation. I hold this is incontrovertible.

Eleventh.—That these truths are known by strict induction, independent of revelation itself.

Yonder thunders Niagara. In the distance gleam the great lakes, not five of them only, but twelve, a chain of lakes extending from the Arctic Sea to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, the Great Bear, the Great Slave, and Athabasca, and Winnebago being the upper end of the silver and golden ribbon stretching across the colossal breast twice washed in the blood of our beloved America. Now, suppose I should lose my guide-book to North America, would the map of North America change? What if the book we call the Bible were to be discredited? as it is in no danger of being. What if the theory of inspiration, which I hold in a high and severe form, were to be given up, would religion evaporate in human affairs? I carry a guide-book to Niagara and the great lakes, and it may be I shall lose it; but I have not the slightest fear that the plan of North America will change when my guide-book is lost. Revelation is only the sun rising upon the landscape of the nature of things, and the sun reveals, but does not create, the landscape. Religion will stand on the nature of things as long as it is known that law is universal, that the soul is made on a plan, and that therefore we do know by strict induction that the frictionless action of the human faculties is the only natural action, for it is the only action in harmony with our environment. We must not allow ourselves to be thrown into tremor by fear that the inspiration of the Bible is a truth that will be given up. To-day the Bible is read in two hundred languages of the globe. To-day more money is spent for it than in any previous age of the world. I do not know a single infidel book over a hundred years old that has not been put upon the upper shelf by scholars. I do not know a Boston infidel book worth reading. One or two of Theodore Parker's books went into a second edition, but in this country there never appeared a second edition of the collected works of Theodore Parker. That one fact is sufficient proof that they are not abreast of the times in Boston, where every man is a philosopher.

But, my friends, it is worth insisting upon that when our faculties act as they are meant to do they will not give us pain. It is undoubtedly painful at first to constrain ourselves to virtuous action, but the religious man is not an unhappy man fundamentally. Your man of morality is the person who sails past the isle of the sirens and does not land, but he rather wants to do so. You remember that the ancients had a story about the golden fleece, and that once Ulysses went in search of the costly object, and on his voyage passed the isle of the sirens. They sang to him, and in order to keep his crew from being enchanted, he filled their ears with wax and bound him-

self to the mast with knotted thongs. In that way he went by safely. But he rather wanted to land, and so was not at peace. Of course, if a man wants to land and will not let himself land, there is a conflict in his nature, and mere cold prudence does not give him harmonization with his environment. The ancients said that when Orpheus went by that island, he being, as you remember, a great musician, he set up better music than that of the sirens, and so enchanted his crew that they went by, disdaining the sorcerers' shore. They not only passed safely, but victoriously and at peace. Now, the man of morality is Ulysses bound to the mast with knotted thongs, and his ears filled with wax, cold prudence taking him by, but he rather wants to land. Orpheus is the man of religion. He has heard a better music which has outsung the sirens, and he goes by not only with safety, but with disdain. That is the distinction between harmonization with our environment and forced action in some sort of prudential conformity to moral law. No morality can give us peace. When you define morality as Ulysses with his ears filled with wax and his arms bound to the masts, and yet some desire existing in his heart to land, that desire must be taken away from his heart or he cannot be at peace. When he desires to do what he cannot do there is a collision among his faculties, and he is not harmonized with the environment of faculty upon faculty. That is as evident as that a thing cannot be here and there at the same time and in the same sense. We therefore know scientifically that no mere morality in this sense of prudential self-control, mere cool selfishness, is enough to give peace, but that religion in the sense of love of what God loves and hate of what God hates is necessary to our harmonization with our environment. Why, I confess that when I think of these matters in the solitude of my chamber there is nothing in mathematics clearer to me than that while I love what God hates and hate what God loves it is ill with me, and will continue to be ill until that dissonance ceases. In the very nature of things I must love what He loves and hate what He hates, and not merely conform outwardly to Him. Religion is the obedience of delight, and not the obedience of slavishness. I must give my heart to the nature of things, or it and I are at war; and it is He.

When a man has harmonized all his faculties with each other, when he has learned to love what God loves and hate what God hates, then he is like some of those majestic representations of full-orbed human nature which Michæl Angelo has given us, or which have come to us from the greatest of the ancients. I stood in the basement of the Louvre the other day, and there was the Venus de Milo, and there, too, was the sleeping Grecian slave in the market-place, the marble creation of Angelo. The man was majestic in quantity and quality of

being. He had in him the possibility of power unfathomable, and yet was tender as any drop of dew. A lion was in him; a dove also. A woman, a man. Not only was his massiveness overpowering when you took a full view of it, but his tenderness was equally overpowering at any full prospect of its possibilities in action. For the massiveness standing there behind the tenderness might have been as the murky threat of the tempest thundering across league after league, and the tenderness concentrated was like the zigzag lightning to smite whatever is unjust or impure. On the other hand stood a woman, marvelous in quantity and quality—both. It is easy to find a man large enough, but not easy to find a man of fine quality and great size combined. It is easy to find a woman fine enough, but not so easy to find one remarkable at once for the greatest quantity and the highest quality of being. I am a married man, if you please. I have no secrets to confess. There is in man a possibility of being full-orbed; and our great sculptors and painters have sometimes given us in art an example of such a nature harmonized with itself. When I stood there before Venus de Milo, I asked a young man, somewhat tempted by Paris life, whether that woman and this man, if they were turned out in modern wardrobe to go around the world, would come back dissipated. "They would come back without the smell of fire on their garments." "How do you know?" "Look at them," said he; "they are too great to be tempted." "But," said I, "they are to go around the world; they are to be free from family police, and they are to be subjected to all the temptations of modern luxury and poverty." "They would come back without a thread of their wardrobe singed," said the young man. "How do you know?" said I. "Why, look at them," said he, "they are too great to stoop." They had in them the full-orbed human nature, and that young man, no philosopher, simply a person of good practical instinct, felt that you cannot make a man who has all the wheels in him act against conscience and reason. The whole make of him is against this. Such action is not natural. You, young man, want to be natural. Be full-orbed first, and then be as natural as you please. I affirm that any man who will not make a flat-headed Indian of himself, who will not bind upon his upper faculties some plank of evil habits and press down the better instincts of his nature year after year, and who will cultivate all the moral part of his nature as sedulously as he does his intellectual or executive faculties, or his social or his animal, and who will let all parts of his nature grow north, south, east and west, I affirm that such a man, when the breezes of the holy Somewhat and Some One who is in nature breathed through him, will utter a resonance, not like

the hiss of the reptile, not like the bellowing of the hollow-voiced calf or the notes of the silly-throated goose. There will be in that man, when God moves through his full growth, a sacred and commanding resonance like that of the forest of oaks on your prairie plains yonder, like that of your forests combining their tones with the roar of your Niagara yonder, like that of both those anthems conjoined with the eternal song of the sea, a hallelujah to the glory of organizing and redemptive moral law; and it is He!

It is therefore scientifically incontrovertible that harmonization without environment must include similarity of feeling with God, for we must love what the nature of things loves, and hate what the nature of things hate. Similarity of feeling with God, or a love of what He loves and a hate of what He hates, is an unalterable, natural condition of peace of soul in this life and the next. But you say that thus far I have been endeavoring to prove the necessity of a new birth merely. Well, I have heard that this is a scriptural doctrine, but I have not opened the Bible yet. Let no man say I underrate the Bible.

There are four Testaments—the oldest, the old, the new and the newest. The Old Testament and the New are written. The oldest testament is the nature of things. The newest is the present action of God in human history. I interpret the oldest and the newest by the old and the new. Our surest guide beyond all doubt is the written Word; but God wrote the oldest testament or the nature of things, and God writes the newest current history, the last unrolling chapters in the acts of the apostles; whether in church, in science, in commerce, or in politics, He is here in the oldest testament and here in the newest, although not as visible in them as He is in the written Word, but the four testaments are His, and therefore one. I have taken all my texts to-day out of the nature of things, out of the oldest records of God, the constitution of man and of the universe, and we find in that Testament, as well as in the New, it is written: "Verily, verily, I say unto you a man must be born from above. The natural mind is at enmity with God. It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be. How can two walk together unless they are agreed?" You must walk with yourselves and with your record and with God, and how can anything exist here and exist there at the same time and in the same sense? How can you love and hate God at once and in the same sense? You must either agree or disagree. How can you walk with God and yourselves and your record without being agreed with them, and how can you be agreed with them without loving what God loves or without similarity of feeling with God? And so in the oldest testament I read from the nature of things what is in the old and the

new and the newest. The four accord in thought, and ought to solemnize civilization to its last fibre. If you and I do not learn similarity of feeling with God, it is ill with us, and we know that just as well as we know that the law of gravitation governs the world. We understand perfectly well by mere induction the necessity of the love of what God loves, and the hate of what God hates, as a natural condition of peace of soul. That condition being a natural one, it is irreversible by our will. If you please, the universe is not managed by count of heads or clack of tongues. There is no vacancy among the supreme powers that will be filled by an election in the Mississippi Valley or that of the Hudson. We must ascertain meekly these conditions. Exact science proclaims that continuous joy in all the faculties is the only decisive sign of their natural action, and that continuous joy in all the faculties can come only to him who has acquired, not morality merely, but religion in the sense of the supreme love of what God loves, and supreme hate of what God hates, or similarity with the nature of things, for it is He!

It is scientifically incontrovertible—

Twelve—That even after we have acquired similarity of feeling with God, the record of our past sin is behind us in an unchangeable past.

Thirteen—That the conscience, in the absence of expiation, forebodes punishment.

Fourteen—That for harmonization with our record in an unchangeable past, therefore, we need more than our own reformation and personal excellence.

Fifteen—That, therefore, not only the necessity of similarity of feeling with God, or the new birth, but the necessity of the atonement also, is scientifically inferable from the necessity of our harmonization with our whole environment.

You will allow me to assert, in the name of Herbert Spencer, that the unchangeable past is a part of our environment. We must be harmonized with it. Am I harmonized with it when I have reformed? There is an unchangeable record of my sin in the past. I have learned to hate that sin, but ought the record of it to be treated precisely as though it never had been? Here is a deserter. Here is a soldier who never deserted. The deserter comes back. He is ready to re-enlist. Ought he to be treated just like the soldier that never deserted? Now I have deserted. I know that if what is done in the universe is what ought to be done, I shall be treated rather differently from Gabriel and Abdiel, and all those who have been faithful from the first. I ought to be treated differently, and God always does what He ought to do. Therefore I feel an unrest as to this record in the past, even after I have reformed. Say what you please, I hold it to be scientifically

incontrovertible that after a man has reformed, the record of his past sin is beh nd him. When the deserter comes back and re-enlists, the record of the desertion is behind the soldier, is it not? His re-enlisting and facing the enemy does not change the fact that he has been a deserter, does it? I affirm that in the absence of expiation, man's conscience forebodes punishment. Why it does that, it is not important for me to discuss. That it does that, all history proclaims. We know that the ages have been thrown into unrest on this point, and that when we take human nature through a large range, when we endeavor to ascertain how the ages have acted, face to face with the irreversible record of sin in the past, we find that they have foreboded punishment in the absence of expiation. "Plato, Plato," said Socrates, when Greek philosophy stood at its height, "it may be that God may forgive willful sin; I do not see how He can, for I do not see that He ought to." That thought, which I have put into shorter words than those of Socrates, has been the fundamental conviction in the bottom of the soul of those heathen tribes that have sacrificed holocaust after holocaust to God to give themselves peace of soul, face to face with this record. I know not, my friends, what can be made clear from human history, if it is not certain that in the absence of a deliverer, and of an expiation, man forebodes punishment. That is the way we are made, and even after we have reformed, human nature acts in this manner. I say that the greatest saints, in the absence of expiation, or when they have known nothing of it, have had this foreboding, and in all ages have had it. This action of man's nature is not a mere sickly eddy of sentiment, coming up here and there in peculiarly educated circles: it is the great natural operation of conscience. The record of desertion behind a man makes his past permanently different from that of a man who has never deserted. That past which was an effect becomes a cause, and will perpetually produce appropriate effects of foreboding unless, unless, unless God's hand as a screen be let down between us and it, and between His face and that black, irreversible past I know I need such a screen. But from mere reason I cannot prove that such a screen has been provided for me. Revelation says an atonement has been made. That key turns in the lock of human nature. That fits the wards of this foreboding. That washes Lady Macbeth's red right hand. You know Shakespeare makes Lady Macbeth say that she regretted her crime. She had killed Duncan, or connived at his murder, and she was so moved by her crime that she became insane in view of it. Shakespeare makes her rise in the night and try to wash her hands, and the gentle physician who looks upon her is accompanied by the watching servant maid, and the latter

says to the former: "Look how she rubs her hands! Sometimes she does this for the quarter of an hour together." Lady Macbeth, pacing up and down, and put there, one might think, by Providence, to illustrate in the fore-front of literature, and to all time, one of the greatest of religious truths, exclaims: "Out, accursed spot! All the perfumes of Arabia would not sweeten this little hand!" Her husband, in similar circumstances, says: "This red right hand the multitudinous seas it would incarnadine, making the green one red." Now, undoubtedly Macbeth and Lady Macbeth had learned to hate their crime, but how can they wash their hands? If you please, it is getting to be a deep question in philosophy, now that conscience has been scientifically investigated as it never was before, how Lady Macbeth's red right hand can be washed. I am talking about facts. There is nothing shadowy, nothing uncertain about the fact that Lady Macbeth's hand is red; nothing shadowy, nothing uncertain about the fact that she would like to wash it; nothing shadowy, nothing uncertain about the fact that she cannot. Who can? Not Plato, not Socrates, not Goethe, not Strauss, not Parker, not Emerson—only Christianity can wash Lady Macbeth's red right hand!